MAY 30, 1975/75 CENTS

THE FEATURE NEWS MAGAZINE

NEW TIMES

A rendezvous with Abbie Hoffman

and other notes from the underground

by Ron Rosenbaum

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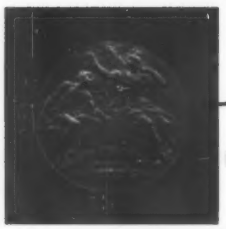

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"Diamonds & Rust:" a stunning new album from Joan Baez, recording artist.

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Produced by David Kershenbaum and Joan Baez

NEW TIMES, May 30, 1975, Volume 4, Number 11

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On board the underground railroad "The F.B.I. is going to be pissed after they read this," says fugitive Abbie Hoffman. "They're going to be ripping up the countryside looking for me" **By Ron Rosenbaum** page 20

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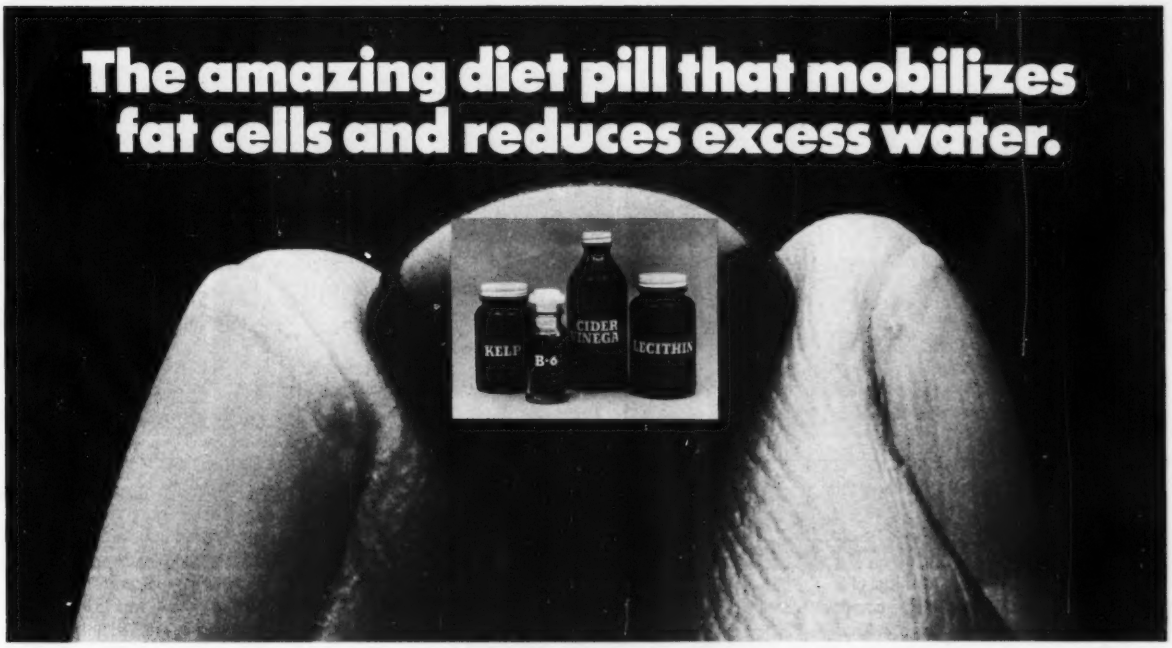
The amazing diet pill that mobilizes fat cells and reduces excess water.



It took a doctor for each ingredient to formulate FAT OFF-PLUS, the improved lecithin, kelp, cider vinegar, B6 capsule. The most popular diet in America today, now contains *exactly* what four doctors prescribe.

One standard capsule contains all four ingredients.

The potassium found in Cider Vinegar, aids the body's normal fluid balance, and combined with lecithin, metabolizes the fat within the liver. Iodine, a mineral in kelp, greatly affects overall body metabolism, through the thyroid hormone. Dr. John Ellis feels that 30,000,000 Americans can benefit from the B6 content in FAT OFF-PLUS. B6 is a diuretic which can reduce bloating while aiding in metabolism. The experts' formula.

The strongest, safest capsule yet.

Not all lecithin, kelp, cider vinegar, B6 capsules are the same. Thanks to four doctors and Peak Laboratories.

A research team which includes experts that even Adelle Davis quoted, helped Peak Laboratories put together a capsule called Fat-Off plus.

It took a doctor for each ingredient to make a better lecithin, kelp, cider vinegar, B6 capsule.

Lecithin. Fat-Off plus contains 3 times as much.

The more the better when it comes to lecithin says Dr. Charles John Rudolph, PhD. in Biochemistry in Fort Worth, Texas.

Fat-Off plus contains three times more lecithin than the standard formula. And for a good reason! Dr. Rudolph personally takes that amount or more daily and has noticed a significant reduction in his weight and cholesterol level. He further adds that most adults would benefit from lower cholesterol.

Fat-Off plus is the only lecithin, cider vinegar, kelp and B6 capsule that contains an iodine level within RDA (Recommended Daily Allowance), set up by the National Research Council.

Dr. Rudolph reports that the advantages of lecithin are that it is a super-polyunsaturator which safely increases the soluability of the cholesterol esters in your body. This in turn promotes a higher turnover of the fatty acids and the lipids in the blood.

Dr. Rudolph. Fat reserves released by lecithin.

Uncoupling the energy in a given intake of calories into more expended heat and less work potential causes the body to call on its fat reserves to produce this work energy according to the literature reported by Dr. Charles Rudolph.

Once this fat is needed, the lecithin next allows the liver to mobilize and distribute the fatty acids and triglycerides throughout the body.

Kelp. Dr. Friend's clinical studies.

Second on the list of ingredients in Fat-Off plus is kelp, a mineral-rich food from the sea and a reliable source of essential iodine. According to Dr. Claire Friend of Los Angeles, kelp like many good things works best in small quantities.

To ensure that we included the proper amount of kelp in our capsules, our specialist, Dr. Friend, recommended that we put exactly one-half the amount contained in the standard formula. Because when it comes to kelp, a little goes a long way.

Fat-Off plus is not only the most concentrated capsule, but it also is the safest.

Cider Vinegar works best in a capsule.

Another ingredient in Fat-Off plus is Cider Vinegar, a folk remedy made from apples and rich in potassium. The most noticeable thing about Cider Vinegar is that it just plain tastes bad. As the base for Fat-Off plus, the taste of Cider Vinegar is hidden inside the easy-to-take capsule. Dr. William H. Saunders is familiar with the diet and contends that cider vinegar forms an effective base for the other three ingredients.

Dr. John Ellis and Vitamin B6. Over two times as much B6. Exactly what the doctor ordered.

Dr. John Ellis can be considered the personified troubadour of Vitamin B6 because of his clinical success. In fact, he is the doctor that is probably solely responsible for B6 being included in this popular diet quoted by Adelle Davis.

Dr. Ellis asked us at Peak Laboratories to do everything possible to get Vitamin B6 included in every woman's diet. He says that Vitamin B6 is a natural diuretic effective for up to 38 million American women.

The birth control pill can add 5 to 7 pounds of excess water.

According to Dr. Ellis, the birth control pill also causes a depletion of B6 and can cause the accumulation of 5 to 7 pounds of excess water (bloat). Dr. Ellis feels that the two unhealthy conditions are associated and are easily corrected with the addition of B6 to the diet. Besides those who are on the birth control pill, there are up to 30,000,000 other Americans who could reduce bloating with B6. We asked Dr. Ellis how much B6 he prescribed for his patients. And that is exactly the amount we put in Fat-Off plus. It happens to be well over two times what the standard capsule contains.

If you thought the regular lecithin, kelp, cider vinegar, B6 capsule worked, try Fat-Off plus.

Fat-Off plus (the four doctor capsule) is only available from us.

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BEHIND THE SCENES

Ron Rosenbaum, the author of this issue's exclusive cover story on Abbie Hoffman's life underground, first encountered Hoffman very much aboveground, standing in the midst of a crowd of reporters at the 1968 Democratic National Convention in Chicago, claiming to be the original Dear Abby.

"I was struck immediately by his sense of humor," Ron says now. "But it wasn't until later that I began to realize how extremely intelligent he is."

"Later, when I covered a lot of demonstrations where he was present, he often complained about the way I covered him. I would consciously make the mistake that a lot of people make unconsciously —I'd treat him only as a funnyman, and not as the brilliant politician he is, in a way. I was overcompensating for a kind of admiration I had for him. A lot of people don't realize how serious he is and how good at what he does—he's a brilliant myth maker."

Ron and Abbie didn't get to know one another well until Ron researched an *Esquire* story on phone freaks. "Abbie showed up one day promoting *Steal This Book*, which tells how to make blue boxes so you can make free phone calls. I guess he's always had this fascination for outlaws operating underground—from phone freaks to the Viet Cong. It was an appreciation we had in common."

Ron, a 28-year-old graduate of Yale, began his journalistic career at the Suffolk *Sun*, a now-defunct Long Island daily, which did him—and us—the favor of getting him committed to journalism. The *Sun* sent him to cover the Chicago convention in the course of a summer job. "It kind of decided me to be a reporter. I liked having a press pass."

After another year at Yale, as a teaching fellow on a Carnegie Fellowship, Ron went to work at the Fire Island *News*—a modest paper published during the summer for the wealthy resort community just off Long Island. He values the experience: "It was interesting putting

together a paper with just three of us."

Ron's work at the *News* came to the attention of Dan Wolf, the founder of the *Village Voice*. "What I was doing was at least a small step above what the *News* had done before. And Dan decided to take a chance on me and hired me on the staff. The *Voice* is where I learned about being a reporter."

While at the *Voice*, Ron covered, among many other things, the impeachment hearings. He was in the East Room for Nixon's maudlin farewell to his staff. "I thought that had cured my event-freak mentality—until this came up."

During Ron's years at the *Voice* I read everything he wrote. When I began putting *New Times* together, he was one of the writers I most wanted to get into the magazine. Ron has just quit the *Voice*, which has recently changed its format under new ownership and new editors, and I hope we'll be able to see more of his work in our pages in the months to come.

Ron was born in Manhattan, grew up in suburban Brightwaters, Long Island, and now makes his home in Greenwich Village. He's in love with New York.

"I'm just completing three years of reading all of Dickens' novels, and I'm convinced that living in New York is like living in Dickens' London. I'm just finishing *Nicholas Nickleby*. You can't walk two blocks in this town without coming on people straight out of Mr. Crummles' theatrical troupe."

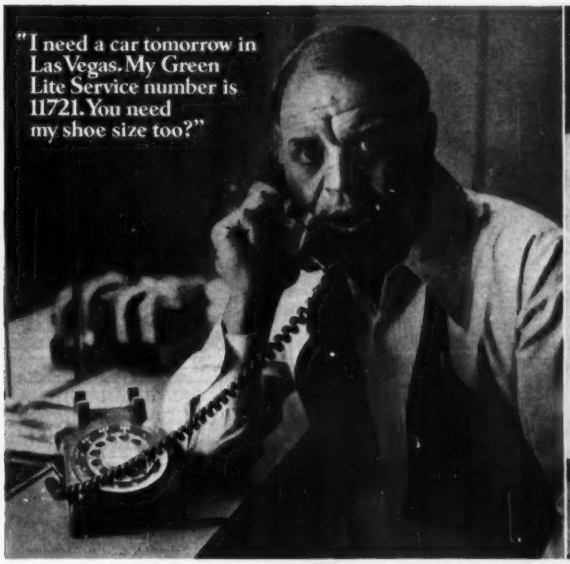
Ron also admires Dickens' almost journalistic depiction of the underworld in books like *Oliver Twist*, and he continues to be fascinated by the American underground. "The people underground want to build bridges to whatever movement develops. I'm going to talk about that in the second article [in the next issue of *New Times*]. There's a kind of resurgence—a kind of new New Left—in small groups around the country. The publication of *Prairie Fire*, which represents five years of thinking by the underground about how a movement can be built from the underground up, was kind of an event. A lot of people are reading it now with respect for the hard thinking that went into it."

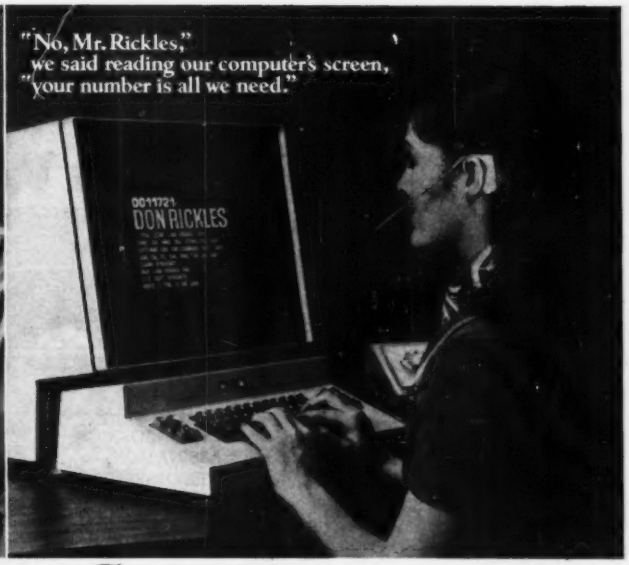
Abbie and Ron discussed life underground the last time they met aboveground, in the winter of 1973. Abbie had just been busted for selling cocaine—the charge that drove him underground.

"We were traveling to Chicago to the contempt trial that had grown out of the Chicago Seven trial. I'd just written a box score of the Feds and the Fugitives, and I'd realized that nobody had been captured. We were both fascinated by the success of the Weather Underground in avoiding capture.

"One of the last things Abbie said was, 'If I ever do go underground, don't come looking for me.' But *he* came looking for *me*."

George A. Hirsch





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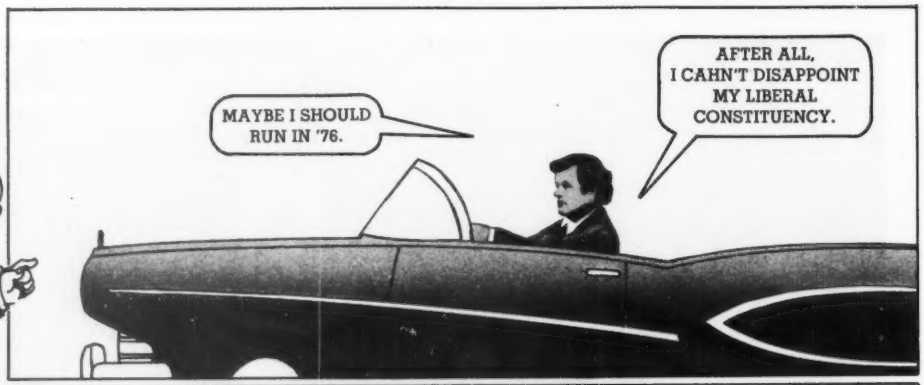
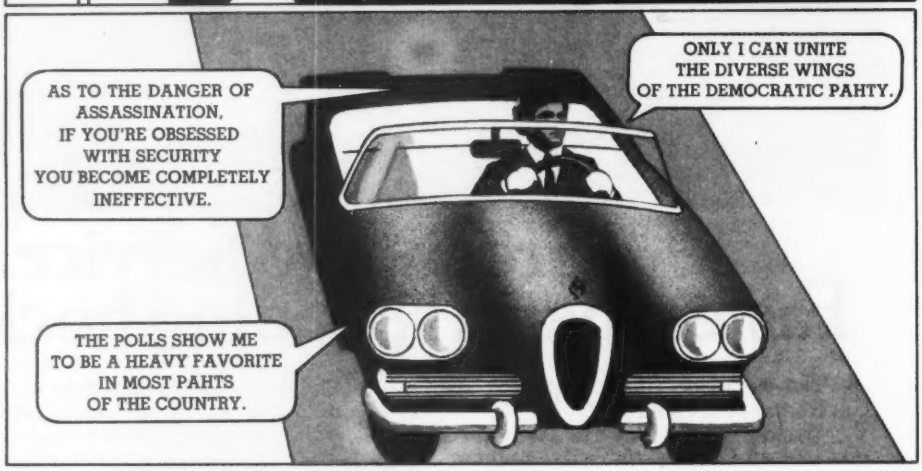
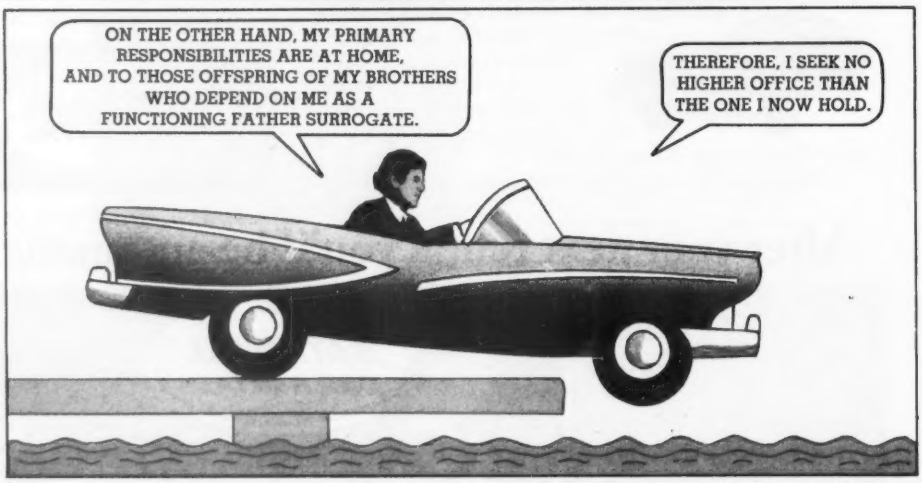
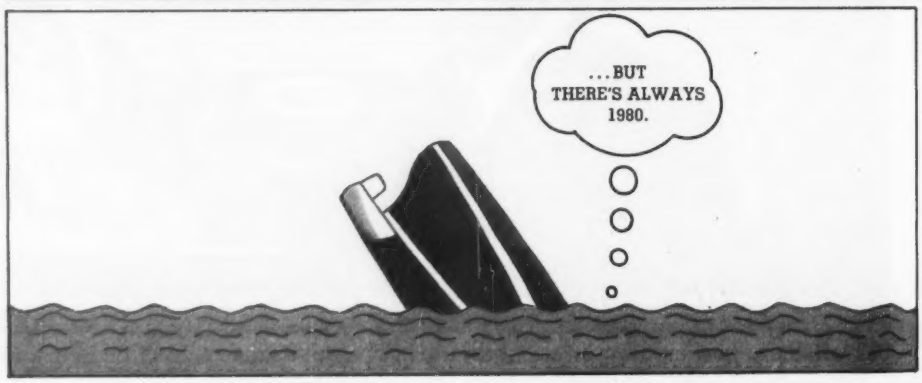



AS TO THE DANGER OF ASSASSINATION, IF YOU'RE OBSESSED WITH SECURITY YOU BECOME COMPLETELY INEFFECTIVE.
ONLY I CAN UNITE THE DIVERSE WINGS OF THE DEMOCRATIC PAHTY.
THE POLLS SHOW ME TO BE A HEAVY FAVORITE IN MOST PAHTS OF THE COUNTRY.


ON THE OTHER HAND, MY PRIMARY RESPONSIBILITIES ARE AT HOME, AND TO THOSE OFFSPRING OF MY BROTHERS WHO DEPEND ON ME AS A FUNCTIONING FATHER SURROGATE.
THEREFORE, I SEEK NO HIGHER OFFICE THAN THE ONE I NOW HOLD.



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Two hundred years later. . .

SLOW DOWN

By James S. Kunen

Two hundred years later, a friend and I hid from the rain in the astroturfed portico of the Middlesex Institution for Savings in Concord, Massachusetts, killing a six-pack, waiting for the celebration to begin.

What had happened was that, on the night of April 18, 1775, General Gage, the British commander in Boston, had sent out an expedition to arrest the radical agitators Samuel Adams and John Hancock in Lexington and to march from there to seize the munitions the colonial militia had stored in Concord. But the colonists were forewarned, and the 700 British troops arrived in Lexington to find 70 armed Minutemen formed up on the green. The Minutemen took one look at the situation and decided they had not yet begun to fight, but as they were leaving a shot rang out from somewhere—the British opened fire and eight Americans got death, not liberty. Searing lead balls pulverized their flesh and shattered their bones—they'd asked for it, and they died, in sight of their families, a few feet from the forever-forfeited safety of their homes. A few hours later, in Concord, Minutemen shot and killed their King's soldiers for the first time, at the North Bridge. The situation deteriorated rapidly. What we call the Revolutionary War had begun.

One can imagine other ways it could have happened, but that was the particular, exact and only way it did. Though accounts vary, things happen just one way. Americans chose to rebel against their ruler that day. It seemed like a good idea at the time. It was an idea whose time had come.

That idea's time had come, and time passed, days, one after another, and 200 years later, as I've said, a friend and I were on the scene, expressly because it was two centuries since that deplorable incident, that outbreak of violence, that senseless tragedy, that shoot-out, that skirmish, that fire-fight, that Shot Heard 'Round the World in Concord. (Too bad it wasn't the Compulsory Arbitration Heard 'Round the World, but it was a shot. It always seems to come down to that.)

"I read over the history of what happened here and sort of memorized it," President Ford said later. That's the trouble. Most of the time history is something we commit to memory, as a creative genius might be committed to an asylum. But this night we'd come to celebrate our history; and as every schoolchild is taught, it is *our* history. For though our forebears may not have been here at the time, once word reached them they got over as fast as they could. And we shape the consequences of that April day.

At midnight, we joined 25,000 kids jamming the hillside above the North Bridge. Teenagers, they drank beer and waited for the music festival they expected. On the stage, people in their twenties—old enough to know better—took turns stepping forward to declaim quotes from one patriot or another, to teach us our radical heritage.

ILLUSTRATION BY JOSEPH SMITH

It was very much like a first-grade play, except not cute. Out of context, in the rain, the words meant nothing. The kids in the crowd, to their credit, paid no attention, but amused themselves as best they could. There never was much music.

The People's Bicentennial rally was a flop. A bang-up beer bash would have been perfect, could never be more appropriate than in celebration of liberty. But the pious radicalism and pouring rain put a damper on the party.

President Ford saved the day. A Tory if ever there was one, he awakened the Spirit of Independence when he delivered one of his patented Rotarian addresses the next morning. Thousands of sodden, sleepless celebrants, waving "Don't Tread on Me" flags, took care to heckle and boo and jeer him and his militarist ideas. Many of the townspeople booed him, too. It was the largest demonstration against Ford since he took office. As helmeted mounted police moved toward the demonstrators, they began to chant: "The Redcoats are coming! The Redcoats are coming!"

Then Ford went away, and the parade began. The marchers were mostly local people sporting fastidiously accurate homemade reproductions of colonial garb. A touch of exotica was provided by the precisely drilled Concord, California, High School Band. They might have been from Concord, Mars, so unlike the locals were they. New Englanders have never developed a taste for the lock step.

That was it: an abortive People's Bicentennial rally; a good rowdy demo against the latest pretender to the throne; a pleasant parade.

The Concord Bicentennial seemed woefully inadequate, until a Boston friend explained to me it couldn't be otherwise. There's no way we could match the coming together of time and idea that was the American Revolution, he said. We celebrate events because of their greatness. Beside their greatness, our celebrations pale. That is the value of rituals like parades—to signify what we can't express.

The battle's anniversary did not pass unmarked, nor the colonists' deeds unremembered. We came to Concord. And what we did was the Bicentennial.

That's the way it is, in a time whose idea hasn't come.

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Korean War II

FULMINATIONS

By Larry L. King

Ominous signs portend that the nation's warhawk politicians, diplomats and generals may have won new shots at future bloodlettings even as their flawed visions were discredited in Vietnam.

Look at President Blah and Dr. Kizzinger tripping over each other to assure that Uncle Sam shall remain a stern badass quick to honor his "commitments" abroad. As we have signed "mutual security" pacts with just about everybody but the Godless Communists and the Wizard of Oz, the potential for mischievous meddling is vast and frightening.

Liberals in Congress, afraid of being branded as isolationists or blamed in a new witch-hunting era, are in full retreat from earlier plans to reduce U.S. troop strength abroad or limit the amount of tax dollars the general may invest in new killing toys.

Our so-called allies grumble of how they can't count on Uncle Sam being Uncle Sap anymore—although, of course, they fail to state it that baldly. It is their obvious hope that such irresponsible challenges will bring us running with our napalm bombs and our platitudes at the first signs of new trouble.

These are explosive and deadly combinations. Americans whose memories go back beyond the past six weeks must guard against adding the triggering fuel: a foolishly prideful nationalism, manifested in a compulsion to prove the collective *macho* by consenting to another bloody misadventure. The great fear, here, is that as Americans witness the Humpty-Dumpty falls rapidly occurring in Southeast Asia, they may panic and assume that the Reds are at the gates of San Francisco. What must be remembered is that each of those governments—seething with internal disaffections—long had been hanging by a thread; their corrupt or uncaring regimes were certain to fall in time, no matter what we did, and could not have been saved by all the king's horses or men. We must avoid the temptation, out of fear or misplaced guilt, of again repeating the old mistakes. Literally.

For those people who specialize in death are already providing the ingredients for a second American disaster in Korea. Yes, Korean War II. Only a few days ago, in Seoul, South Koreans put on a horror show for the world's television cameras: beating their breasts, wailing, mutilating themselves, pledging to die should North Korea again come yowling across the 38th parallel as in June of 1950. There are good reasons to believe this excessive demonstration was less spontaneous than calculated: President Park Chung Hee, a despotic "strong man," permits his citizens

only such public expressions as please him and so wishes war with North Korea that he several times has suggested a "deterrent" attack by his own forces. Surely even President Blah and Dr. Kizzinger will recognize Park's obvious tactic: to take advantage of current fear, guilt or shame in America among those predisposed to rattle sabers.

If war should again break out between the two Koreas (and, in the North, President Kim IL Sung thirsts for blood and conquest every bit as much as does Park in the South), the United States will be in a dreadfully vulnerable position. We have 38,000 American troops in South Korea, and—the South Korean Air Force being approximately as strong as Mexico's—you can bet your son's life, if not your own, that our initial military response would be a massive strike from the wild-blue-yonder boys. Once the bombs start falling, we're deep in the shit again.

The escalation could be swift and terrible. China, remember, came in on the North Korean side 25 years ago; it easily could again. And China now has a nuclear capability unknown to it a generation ago. In the 1950s Russia provided the North Koreans with weapons, "advisors," or "technicians"; *that* nasty little bit of history, too, could be repeated.

Japan in the 1950s, defanged by post-World War II edicts, was not a force in Korea. Then, as now, American troops were billeted in Japan; now, as then, we doubtless would feed them directly into Korea once the shooting started. There is a grave difference, however, in 1975: a *sovereign* Japan would be pressured to throw us out and/or to support us. As the Japanese are fearful of an all-Communist Korea for a neighbor, they might tool up for major rearmaments. The Soviets, already made nervous by a nuclear China in the community, surely would frown on their ancient Japanese enemies coming on with new *banzai* charges and *kamikaze* instincts. Hell, it could soon involve everybody but Haiti and Ireland.

Listen: all these civil wars out in the bush are unworthy of our sons' bloody attention. It has been effectively proved that we can't prop up the unpropable short of being willing to resort—again—to nuclear war as we did in 1945. Now, however, we are not alone in possessing the ultimate weapon. We must come to understand that it really doesn't matter whether Park or Kim rule as despots over the whole of Korea. It is not a choice of supporting Freedom over Slavery, no matter what Dr. Kizzinger learned at the knee of John Foster Dulles. These are new times and history makes new waves. Hereafter, when North fights South, let America go fishing—unless the battles pit the domestic Carolinas or Dakotas against each other. ●

Jane Fonda as Karen Silkwood;
How the pandas made out

THE INSIDER

EDITED BY TONY SCHWARTZ

POWER POLITICS

The future is now

Just how many Americans anticipated the sudden insurgent victories in Indochina? More than you might think. In February, the *New Times* "Future Events" contest asked for a yes or no response to the following statement: "Either Saigon or Phnom Penh will fall to insurgent troops in 1975." Although full contest results won't be announced until 1976, we thought it might be interesting to make a quick check of the responses. The contest's March 1 deadline made the timing excellent; in the weeks before that date both capitals were believed likely to survive with continued U.S. support.

We looked at a random sample of 250 entries and discovered that the contest's introductory teaser—"Your guess is probably better than most government officials' "—couldn't have been more accurate. Eighty-two percent of the respondents predicted one of the capitals would fall. Seventy-five percent made the prediction on entries postmarked before February 10, a point at which no danger to Saigon had been reported and the situation in Phnom Penh was not believed to be grave. By the beginning of March, when Kissinger and Ford were beseeching Congress for a hefty $222 million in aid to save the besieged Cambodian capital, fully 90 percent of the entrants believed at least one capital would fall. So much for the inside "intelligence" of official Washington.

First lady: women first

While our own Betty Ford has repeatedly expressed her support for the Equal Rights Amendment, her counterpart to the north seems to be taking a more militant stance. Margaret Trudeau, wife of the Canadian Prime Minister, recently brought a small seminar of women to their feet with this terse declaration: "Sisters, we must bury Dr. Spock and assert equal rights for women."

ANN PHILLIPS

Trudeau: bury Dr. Spock

Scoring the war

The war in Vietnam is over and the losses are a part of history. Nonetheless, the costs were staggering. The following final statistics (1953-1975), compiled by the Pentagon and the Indochina Resources Center, detail some of them:

American dead	56,230
American wounded	153,654
American missing-in-action	1,359
South Vietnamese military dead	221,041
North Vietnamese and Viet Cong military dead	1,064,656
Civilians dead (estimated, North and South)	430,000
Refugees displaced from their homes at least once	11,600,000
U.S. economic and military aid	$144;162,500,000
Total cost, including veterans benefits, GI bill, etc.	$330,000,000,000

Brown sings the blues

While California is hardly marching to a different drummer under its new governor Jerry Brown—who has proved as austere in budgetary matters as his predecessor Ronald Reagan—there is no shortage of symbolic change. In the months since his election, Brown has received coverage for refusing the official state mansion (now under construction) and for selling two state limousines and replacing them with a Plymouth Satellite. Now he has decided to change the tune of official state discology. Throwing out the Muzak that was piped across the capitol lawns during the Reagan years, Brown has drawn up his list of more-current hits and picks. Heavy on Gregorian chants, Jerry's chart also features Linda Ronstadt's "Heart Like a Wheel," Carole King's "Tapestry," Helen Reddy's "Free and Easy" and Isaac

WIDE WORLD

Governor Jerry: in tune with the times?

Hayes' "Hot Buttered Soul." However, all of this offers scant comfort to the state's artists. Brown, who had pledged substantial increases in state arts support during his campaign, recently recommended the same slim $1 million allocation that Reagan budgeted in 1974. The ways and means committee of the state assembly pared the million bucks to a scant $175,000. And, though there are currently three bills before the legislature designed to counter such austerity, Brown has refused so far to lend any of them his support.

Snow job

It pays to be a Kennedy. When Senator Ted and 13 other members of the family clan took a skiing trip to

WIDE WORLD

Skiing Kennedy-style

Massachusetts in mid-February, they received quite the royal treatment. Skiing at five separate resorts (including Jiminy Peak, Brodie Mountain and Mount Tom), they received at least $500 in free lift passes and there was even a private lesson for Joan thrown in. "We gave them free lifts," said Jiminy Peak's Brian Fairbank, "because they were the Kennedys and it was good publicity." The 14-person entourage also received a "substantially reduced rate" for the floor they took at the Red Lion Inn in Stockbridge, Mass., a rate devised especially for them. All totaled, the Kennedy charisma was worth something in the neighborhood of $1,000 and everyone concerned seemed content. Explained Dick Drayne, Kennedy's press secretary, "He was there as a guest of the resorts and they get pictures and free publicity and it's great for them, which is okay with the Senator." That leaves just one question for the rest of us: "How do we join the clan?"

Getting floored

Journalists beware! A grassroots movement among Democratic National Committee members is underway that would bar reporters from the floor of the 1976 convention. Word has it that DNC members on both ends of the political spectrum are tired of floor reporting that, as one irate party regular put it, "distorts and disrupts the convention." The controversy is a perennial one, but according to a key aide to DNC chairman Bob Strauss, who opposes the move, "This is the first time they may have the votes to do it." Strauss has put out the warning to the Washington press corps that they should brace for a stiff fight over floor privileges.

Shaggy dog story

Ken Clawson is the former Nixon aide whose bellicose defense of the beleaguered president continued right up until the last pretense of White House innocence about Watergate had been exposed. Clawson hasn't been heard from much since then, but it turns out that the one-time Washington *Post* reporter has been trying his hand at fiction. One recent effort was a short story submitted to *Esquire* on the venerable theme of a man and his dog. A touching part of the dialogue has the two walking along the Potomac, with the protagonist musing to his canine, "Why did you let me follow him? Why did you let me follow him? You knew it was wrong, I knew it was wrong, but it was my duty." The story was rejected.

UPI

Ken Clawson: dog days

SEVENTIES

Unbearable

This is the short, touching story of a well-intentioned impulse that never quite came off. Ling-Ling and Hsing-Hsing are the nation's only panda bears. They were a present from the People's Republic of China back in the days when Richard Nixon was still president and the spirit of détente was running high. The prestigious couple was placed in separate cages at the National Zoo in Washington, D.C. As it happens, panda bears go into heat only once a year and just a couple of weeks ago the romantic moment arrived. Appropriately, Hsing-Hsing mounted Ling-Ling with great passion

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTE

The bears who couldn't. . .

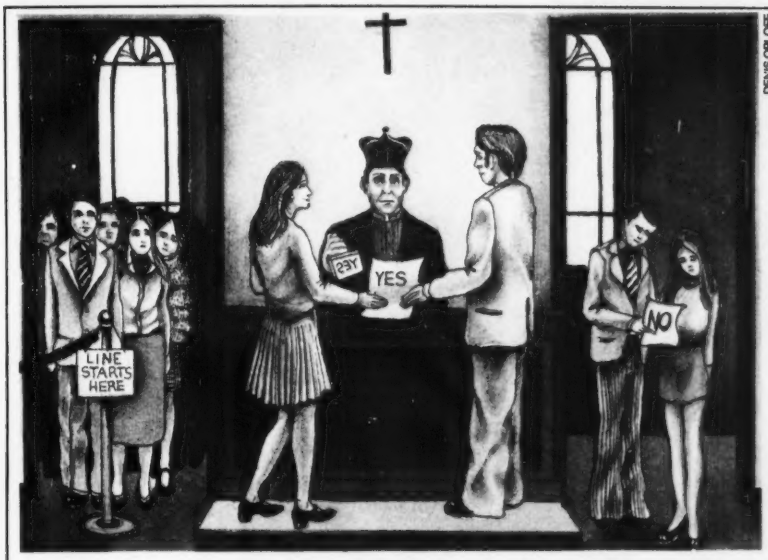
and determination. Ling-Ling was delighted at first, but soon grew frustrated at her mate's clumsiness and finally snapped and growled him back to his cage.

The sad result is that the country's panda population will remain at two for at least another year. Zookeeper Larry Collins was disappointed but philosophical: "We've seen much progress in their style. They couldn't quite get it together but at age 4, they're both still considered young." A woman who observed Hsing-Hsing's fledgling attempts at coupling was more blunt: "Isn't it just like a man?"

Harrying marrying

One way to reduce the spiraling divorce rate is simply to nip planned marriages in the bud. And that's just what a Roman Catholic Diocese in Orlando, Florida,is doing with its recently instituted "Youthful Marriage Policy."

Under the program, couples under the age of 19 who plan marriage must meet a series of strict requirements. The church claims that



DENIS ORLOFF

70 percent of teenage marriages end in separation, and its fight is to thwart "hasty and ill-advised marriages."

Among the new requirements:

—A three-month waiting period between the first interview with a priest and the actual marriage;

—A study by the church of the couple's financial status and ability to handle money;

—Written permission from the diocese's marriage court before the performance of a marriage ceremony.

A church spokesperson explained that the right to marry is a natural one, but said restrictions were legitimate when the proposed marriage "poses a threat to the common good of society."

Days of wine and woes

The Gallo brothers are fighting back, and if their tenacity is any sign, the nationwide UFW boycott of Gallo wines is stinging the company's sales. After UFW supporters staged a rally in New York last week, the Gallos responded with expensive full-page ads in the city's three major dailies. The company claims that its workers, members of the Teamsters union, enjoy a host of excellent fringe benefits and earn average salaries between $8,000 and $12,000 a year.

Strangely, however, Gallo executive Walter Bregman insists the lobbying effort is not a response to the boycott. "It has had no effect on Gallo," he says. "We ran the ad because we feel we have a moral obligation to refute the lies the UFW is spreading about us."

This isn't the first time the Gallos have lobbied hard when the going got rough. Last November they sent thousands of letters to Catholic bishops and placed ads in diocese papers when the church was meeting to reconsider its support for the UFW. In response to the more recent Gallo campaign, the UFW took out its own ads, calling the company's contentions "absolutely incredible." They claim their boycott has reduced Gallo sales 30 to 40 percent in cities such as St. Louis and Boston. As to fringe benefits, they say the current Teamsters contract, requiring that workers put in at least 80 hours for the same employer in the previous month in order to qualify,excludes nearly all seasonal workers.

The accelerated boycott battle may soon end, however. California is expected to pass a bill, supported by both the Gallos and the UFW, that would provide for free union elections and would restrict future boycotts.

POST SCRIPTS

A star is shorn (Jan. 24, 1975)

A star may not be born after all. Or at least that's where the evidence points. Two years ago hairdresser Jon Peters made plans to direct his leading lady, Barbra Streisand, in *Rainbow Road*, a $5 million remake of the film classic *A Star Is Born*. The unrealized project, detailed in a January *New Times* cover story, has been a series of disasters ever since. The latest development is that Kris Kristofferson, slated for the male lead, has pulled out. The leading candidate to replace him is reportedly Elvis Presley. The script, on which nearly every screenwriter in Hollywood seems to have taken a shot, remains unfinished. Director Peters is off these days working on a new film about the recently deceased king of Kung Fu, Bruce Lee. Meanwhile, the search for writers continues. One who recently decided to turn down the project is Arthur (*The Way We Were*) Laurents. Says the playwright and screenwriter bluntly: "I just don't think it's ever going to be done."

Screening Silkwood (Feb. 21, 1975)

Despite lingering questions about the circumstances under which nuclear industry critic Karen Silkwood died last October, an FBI investigation recently reaffirmed the original highway patrol conclusion that her death was accidental. Nonetheless, it seems unlikely that the case will simply fade away. The 28-year-old Silkwood was killed in an auto accident while on her way to meet a New York *Times* reporter last fall. She planned to provide him with documents which she believed would prove extremely damaging to Kerr-McGee, the Oklahoma plutonium plant for which she worked. The latest turn of events is that actress and political activist Jane Fonda has

OWEN FRANKEN/CAMERA 5

Fonda: filming Silkwood's story

decided to make a film based on a fictionalized version of Silkwood's life. Fonda plans to star and her own film company, IPC, will be the producer. The project is not yet near the filming stage, but producer Bruce Gilbert says it is definite and that a literal version of Silkwood's life is not planned. "We want to talk more about nuclear energy in general," he explained.

(First of two parts)

On board the underground railroad

By Ron Rosenbaum

The underground people who ran the operation refused to tell us where they were taking us, and we never found out. But I can tell you where we started. Hollywood. At 7 A.M. March 13 on a wet side street off Sunset Boulevard, next to a motel called the Sunset Lodge. We had been instructed to park across from a set of pay phones alongside the motel and wait for one of them to ring.

They told us they would be watching us to make sure we were not being followed. And not long after we pulled up by the pay phones, a black panel truck cruised past the Sunset Lodge heading east, then reappeared some moments later heading west. The van stopped, pulled into a driveway across the road from us and backed behind a building, leaving just a glimmer of parking lights visible. Shortly thereafter, a smartly dressed young woman—an unlikely looking pedestrian on this unprosperous stretch of Sunset—clicked past us and glanced into our car. A few minutes later the phone rang and Abbie Hoffman was on the line.

"Welcome!" said Abbie with the enthusiasm—and a hint of the accent—of a Catskills social director. "Are you ready to take a little *trip?* We have your tickets all ready for you. See that big metal trash bin next to the driveway in the parking lot?"

"The F.B.I. is going to be pissed after they read this," says fugitive Abbie Hoffman. "They're going to be ripping up the countryside looking for me"

He gave me directions to a certain spot behind a certain board a certain distance along a concrete wall running behind the big green metal trash bin. There's an envelope secreted in that certain spot, Abbie said, go find it.

The envelope had been hidden too well. I found the spot but couldn't feel any envelope there at first, so I started running my hand behind the board on both sides of the trash bin. Finding nothing but cobwebs I knelt down and started running my hands along the base of the damp concrete wall, thinking the envelope might have slid down there. Still nothing. Cursing the so-called professionals who were supposed to have planned every detail of this affair, I began groping blindly behind the garbage bin itself.

Professionals. That was the word Abbie had used in a previous phone call to Michael Shamberg (Shamberg, the video documentary producer who will be going along on this little trip underground to tape the interview, is talking with Abbie in the phone booth while I hunt for the envelope.) Everything would be handled by "professionals," some of whom had been specially "flown in" for this job, Abbie had said. I could think of only two organizations who have demonstrated professional skills in underground operations: the Weather Underground and the Mafia.

And—without ruling out the

New Times. Think of us as the Mighty Mouse of magazines.

Superman we are not.

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Like Mighty Mouse, we are small but powerful feisty. Out of all proportion to size, we make waves. Strike fear in evil hearts. Give the tremble to fat cats. Shake the rafters. The Mouse that Roars, that's us.

Some recent roars.

Every two weeks, NEW TIMES comes along with a stick or two of dynamite in its fist.

There was our story on "The Ten Dumbest Congressmen," with NEW TIMES' nomination for King of Dumb. You should have heard the screams on that one, including a well-attended press conference called by the King himself. There was "Prescription Payola," about doctors who are willing to risk your life for a color TV. There was "Southie Is My Home Town," a look at the people of South Boston you didn't find in any of the other media. (After a century of getting the shaft, maybe they had reasons for coming off as brawling racists.)

In "The Little Camera That Couldn't," NEW TIMES dissected Polaroid's SX-70, as a symbol of a consumer economy gone wild. In "A Wallace Is a Wallace Is a Wallace," we looked underneath the new moderate George and found—guess what—the same old George. In "Happy Days Are Here Again," we saw the new depression as upbeat—a chance for new lifestyles and the whole Whole Earth thing. In "Zen and the Art of the Perfect Backhand," we told you how to trust your body and ignore your old tennis instructor.

"The Gourmet Freeze-Out" ripped the foil off the big restaurant rip-off that's serving up mass-produced frozen dishes as expensive house specialties. "The Consulting Con Game" laid bare a cushy professorial racket. "They Shoot Ten-Year Olds, Don't They?" was a heartwarming look at New York's shootin' cops with their 007 license to kill just about anybody they want to. "That Championship Season" stripped the cover-up from the sex scandal that decimated Notre Dame's football team.

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Golly, no. Don't get the idea we do nothing but dredge up embarrassing facts and tweak important noses. NEW TIMES is *the magazine of what's happening* and that's a spectrum that includes love and music and lifestyles and movies and all manner of rare new ideas. For instance, we reported on Erhard Seminars Training (est), one of the most fascinating of the new life therapies. We got inside the world of bisexuality. We published our *own* medical research on pot—"Attention: Smoking Grass May Be Good for Your Health."

And of course we continue to report on the eternal battle of The Little Guys vs. The Big Guys. Like the story on Sam Lovejoy, who toppled the big bad nuclear tower. And the young hillbillies of Mendocino County who were damned if they'd let their houses be torn down for lack of city plumbing.

Our bright, brash, talented writers and columnists—like Robert Sam Anson, Jesse Kornbluth, Marcia Seligson, Larry King, Amanda Spake, Jim Kunen, Mark Goodman, Frank Rich, Janet Maslin and Nina Totenberg—have one thing in common. They're unafraid. They'll plunge into anything, take chances and stands, crawl way out on limbs. Sure, NEW TIMES may fall on its face sometimes. But never on its knees!

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The Mouse that Roars

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BILL NELSON

Mafia, since Abbie has always had an ability to get along with a very wide range of people—I figured Abbie at least wanted us to believe we would be dealing with some cadre of Weather People that specialized in transporting fugitives. Later that day, at their hiding place, Shamberg asked Abbie directly: "Are we in the Weather Underground?"

"I'll have to take a rain check on that question," Abbie said with a sly smile.

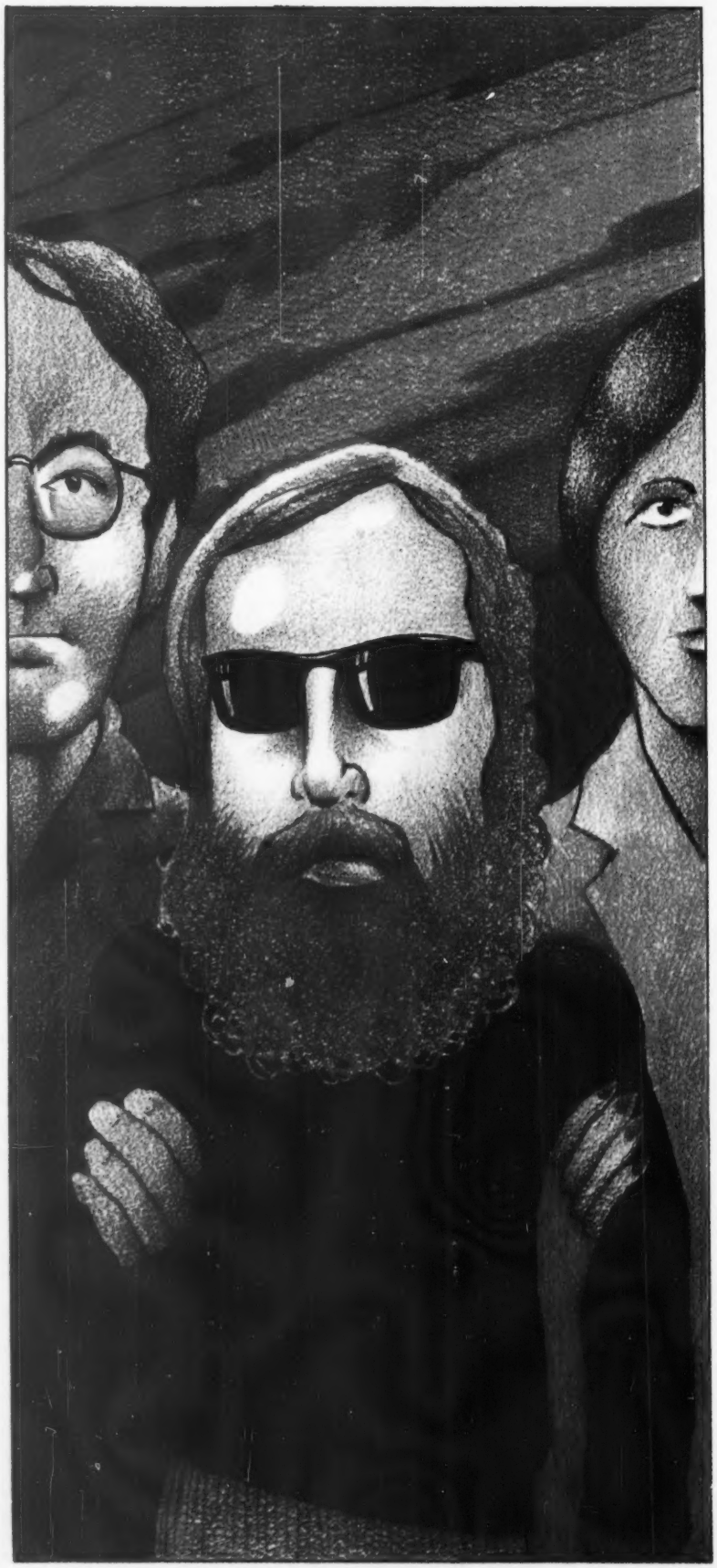
Meanwhile, back at the trash bin, I was wondering if the underground pros had envisioned the possibility of a passing patrol car getting curious about my garbage-groping behavior when I finally discovered the envelope, concealed in a thick nest of plastic packing tape, and ran with it back to the phone booth.

It was a fat white envelope. On the outside was the lithographed return address of something called "Jerusalem Tours Inc.," apparently a Hollywood travel agency. Inside were two airline tickets and a yellow sheet of handwritten instructions which read as follows:

High! You're on the right track. You will travel under the names Mr. RAY and Mr. BREMER. Your flight is Western Airlines #97 to Sacramento leaving Los Angeles airport at 8:15 A.M. You must go now directly to the airport. Leave the car in the parking lot. Check in and board the plane as quickly as possible. DO NOT MAKE ANY PHONE CALLS OR SPEAK TO UNNECESSARY PEOPLE from this point on. You are being followed by one or two women at all times. Hopefully no one else—there are no female FBI field agents. You arrive 9:20 at your destination. You will be met when you deplane. You should give them the baggage tickets and go directly to the vehicle waiting. We'll bring the equipment. From this point on do exactly as everyone says. No more. No less.

See you soon,
Harlow

"Harlow" was the code name the underground people were calling themselves for this operation. That was fine with me; they could call themselves anything they wanted. What bothered me were the names that had been chosen for us. We were going to be loading five big metal cases filled with electronic equipment aboard Western Flight #97. An entire portable TV studio, in fact, would be traveling underground with us. If they were so concerned about "unnecessary people" following us or noticing us, would "professionals" book us tickets that identified us as "Mr. A. Bremer" and



"Mr. J. E. Ray," as these did?

"These names, Abbie," I said over the pay phone while handing Mr. Bremer's ticket to Shamberg and keeping Mr. Ray's to myself, "are you sure it's a good idea traveling under these names?"

"You like that touch, huh?" he said blithely. "Yeah, that was my idea. Don't worry, just do what they tell you and we'll see ya in about four hours."

As we drove back onto Sunset and halted at the light, a smartly dressed young woman appeared out of nowhere and stepped across in front of us. And as we headed off toward the airport I looked in the rearview mirror and saw a black van behind us.

The set up

Late last year the video documentary group Top Value Television (TVTV)—they did the 1972 conventions, Guru Maharaj ji and *Gerald Ford's America* for public television—began spreading the word in certain circles that they wanted to tape some sort of clandestine interview with a well-known fugitive. I think they were hoping for Patty Hearst. They got Abbie. Or he got them. The way I understand it Abbie contacted the TVTV people and told them he would be willing to do the interview in return for $5,000 cash and some TV equipment. He made one further request: a reporter from outside TVTV to make the trip and do the on-camera interviewing, preferably someone who had covered his activities in the past, preferably me. TVTV contacted me and after some last minute pay phone to pay phone negotiations TVTV agreed to give Abbie $3,000 and an $800 video playback unit for his appearance and—in what was to be a kind of symbiotic journalistic venture—I agreed to give TVTV $500 for which I was reimbursed by *New Times*.

Abbie laid down the following ground rules for the trip itself: not until the last moment would we know whether it was to go forward at all; we would not be allowed to know where it was to take place; I was to be permitted to take notes and write about whatever I saw, but there were certain things I would not be allowed to see; and finally, that before we agreed to go on this venture we should be aware that there would be "security" professionals at the meeting place and that some would be armed.

Feds. vs. fugitives

On board Western Airlines Flight #97 halfway to Sacramento, "Mr. Bremer" hands "Mr. Ray" a copy of the morning's *Times* and points out a small front-page story. Mr. Ray pales. "FBI Arrests Fugitive Pat Swinton. Radical Bombing Suspect Faces Hearing Today." Something like that.

In the great cross-country hide-and-seek game of Feds versus fugitives the Pat Swinton capture was the first clear-cut victory for the FBI in years. In his paranoia, passenger Ray envisioned the FBI closing in on fugitives everywhere—perhaps this very moment arming a raiding party to interrupt the rendezvous he was heading for. He had even suggested to passenger Bremer that it might not be a bad idea to carry along a white handkerchief just in case.

His peace of mind might have suffered further had he known of certain other developments taking place that day. That afternoon fugitive radical Cameron Bishop would be arrested in East Providence, Rhode Island after escaping capture for six years. That evening stories first began to surface that the Bureau was back on the trail of fugitive Patty Hearst and her SLA companions. And

I'd always thought Abbie would make a terrible fugitive. Attracts attention. Can't keep quiet. Loves to take risks

new leads being processed that day were bringing the Bureau closer to a biz prize: fugitive radical Susan Saxe, on the Ten Most Wanted list for more than four years, was captured 14 days later.

This sudden string of FBI successes after so many years of frustration inevitably led to speculation that the Bureau had developed some powerful new fugitive-finding technique or perhaps a roving underground informer. But such theories ignored the fact that the fugitives who were getting caught or turning themselves in had recently been leading relatively lonely underground lives, rarely linked to the organized underground. The FBI has yet to crack a single cell of the well-organized Weather Underground, or surface a single member of their aboveground support system.

Whatever you think of their politics, a look at the record convinces you that the Weather Underground can no longer be dismissed as post-graduate dilettantes. They went underground, about 30 of them, in the winter of 1969-1970, most of them with heavy assault and conspiracy charges hanging over them. They didn't go underground to hide out, the way, a generation before, the leaders of the Communist party hid when they went underground in the early '50s to escape Smith Act prosecutions. The Weather People went underground to conduct a campaign of sabotage against symbols of American power, but they had more in mind than blowing up buildings. They wanted to build up a permanent underground-based political party and support system—the first of its kind in America. They wanted to disprove the popular assumption that the white radical movements of the '60s all died on January 1, 1970. And they wanted to blow up the myth of FBI invincibility.

They've succeeded. The U.S. Capitol, the Pentagon, New York City Police Headquarters, I.T.T., the State Department. They've claimed credit for these and 20 other bombings over the past five years, many of the claims documented with fingerprinted communiqués containing convincing details and postmarks. Most of these bombings have followed immediately upon such events as the killing of George Jackson, the bombing of Hanoi, the coup in Chile. The swiftness of such "symbolic retaliation," as they call it, suggests that the Weather Underground has developed an ability to communicate coast-to-coast among its cells, coordinate complex sabotage schemes against closely guarded targets at a moment's notice and still preserve security.

They get away with it despite massive FBI/Grand Jury manhunts. Postgraduate dilettantes get caught. They also get away with operating an underground printing press which last year published *Prairie Fire*, a book-length program for building a new New Left from the underground up and most recently, a magazine called *Osowatomie*. They get away with operating a kind of ad hoc underground railroad, the one that engineered Timothy Leary's jailbreak and smuggled him out of the country, the one that—according to some law enforcement "sources" quoted recently in the press—responded to SLA appeals for rescue help and spirited Patty Hearst out of San Francisco last summer right under the noses of the FBI. They get away with so much they almost make it look easy. That's where I thought Abbie Hoffman had made his mistake.

I'd always thought Abbie would make a terrible fugitive, way up there on anyone's Ten Most Likely To Be Captured List. Instantly identifiable appearance. Loves to attract attention. Can't keep quiet. Likes to take risks. When I heard he'd gone underground in May 1974 I gave him a month. As the months

went by I figured that the only way Abbie could be surviving was by hiding out on somebody's ranch in the mountains of Idaho or something—and staying indoors. I figured he must be terribly lonely and unhappy. I knew he was fascinated by the success of the Weather Underground but I didn't think his anarchist's instincts would take to the collective discipline of a Weather Underground cell. Nor did I think an underground organization had anything to gain from taking Abbie in. His notoriety and recognizability would bring nothing but trouble. That's why I figured the "professionals" who would be meeting us at the Sacramento Airport would quite as likely turn out to be Mafia as Weather People. Whoever they were, I was looking forward to finding out what was in it for them.

The "dry run"

They didn't look like Mafiosi, the two who met us at the airport. More like a mild-mannered graduate student couple.

We were waiting by the baggage carousel when a studious-looking guy wearing wire rims strolled over to us.

"Which of you has the baggage checks?" he asked. He said his name was Bruce.

Michael handed him the purple stubs. A woman joined us—Marilyn. (I assume these weren't their real names.) In her sharply tailored overcoat, crisp geometrically patterned dress, hair parted, lips painted, eyebrows penciled with cosmetic precision, she was all straight lines; she radiated propriety. She would be driving the van most of the way.

They had no reason to trust us and they didn't. I found that out when I made the mistake of trying to go to the bathroom alone. Michael and Bruce had gone off to the baggage office to see about a piece of TV equipment that had been sent "special handling."

"While they're doing that I think I'm gonna go use the men's room," I informed Marilyn.

A severely unhappy look froze over her face. "Why don't you wait till the others get back," she suggested. It was very close to an order. I obeyed.

When Bruce returned, I was permitted to go into the men's room but not alone.

"I hope you don't mind but I'll have to go in with you" Bruce told us. He stood by the sinks and kept an eye on us, presumably to insure we didn't transmit any messages to agents lurking in the stalls.

Subtle custody, tactful distrust. The woman led Michael and me to a lunch counter in another part of the terminal. Not for a get-acquainted chat over coffee, but to prevent us from catching a glimpse of the exterior of their van when Bruce pulled it up to load on the portable TV station.

At the lunch counter it was a long wait over glazed donuts and Marilyn was acting nervous: chain smoking and glancing around uneasily whenever anyone approached our counter. After 20 minutes I was on my third reading of the morning's Sacramento *Bee* when I came across the daily horoscope column. Mine was something like: "A sense of humor will get you through a difficult day." Despite dismal failures at previous tension-easing conversational gambits, I showed Marilyn my horoscope for the day and asked her what hers was. Another mistake, I'm afraid. Her face tightened, she looked around and didn't reply. Maybe she was just being careful, but I felt as if I had been caught in a devious attempt to ferret out her birth date and other vital biographical material to feed into the FBI crime computer.

"In one sense," Abbie told me, "this is a dry run for a kidnapping because that's gonna happen in the U.S."

Bruce finally joined us at the lunch counter. Marilyn hurried off to a pay phone, returned and announced that everything was ready for our arrival, and it was time to get underway.

Abbie had said something about traveling blindfolded, but it turned out to be more elaborate than just that. More like a kidnapping.

Later, after we finally arrived at the meeting place, I asked Abbie if the methods used to transport us there were standard operating procedures in the underground world.

"Things like this have been done before, but nothing quite like this," he said. "Let's say if we were to kidnap you we'd use roughly the same methods. I would say in one sense this is a dry run for a kidnapping because eventually that's gonna happen in the United States." He believes kidnapping can be "a legitimate revolutionary tactic" in certain cases. Getting someone else's freedom, for instance.

"There are about four or five people operating in the U.S. that I feel politically and personally quite close to and if they were nailed I would unquestionably, if asked, engage in that kind of operation, a kidnapping."

Who would he kidnap?

"I been putting a lot of thought into that," he says. "I got it narrowed down to three people."

He doesn't name the three names, but he describes two of the ones on his list. One is someone who "knows a lot of shit about other people in power"—presumably damaging secrets about powerful figures in government—so that when this kidnap victim appeals to those powerful figures to get him out and get him out quick, they will be willing to release certain political prisoners to insure his safe—and silent—return.

The other possible kidnapping target Abbie describes is a diplomat from a nation—there are several in South America—which has released some of its own political prisoners to ransom the life of a kidnapped American. Kidnapping such a diplomat would make it difficult for the U.S. not to reciprocate, Abbie says.

The dry run started in the middle of the airport parking lot. They took us by the elbows, took out two pairs of thick-framed dark glasses and told us to put them on. The insides of the lens had been masked with thick adhesive tape and we found ourselves effectively blindfolded.

Guiding us by the elbows, they led us up, down and around several rows of cars until—when they brought us to a halt before their van—we had lost all sense of position and direction. The woman climbed in and the two of them pulled and pushed us in. The man climbed in, shut the van door behind us and told us to take off our shades.

It was cozy enough inside, a couch and coverlet, some blankets and pillows. Curtains cut us off from the driver's seat up front—and thus from the view of anyone looking in the front windows. Curtains closed off the rear window and the sides of the van were windowless. I had the feeling I was in a traveling padded cell.

They told us to take off our clothes and hand over all our possessions. Slowly and carefully they searched every seam and cuff of every garment, unscrewed every pen and tapped every heel for hollowness.

They weren't joking around. I became an object of suspicion twice. They asked us if we had any kind of timepiece on us or among our possessions, and told us they would have to keep it for the duration of the trip, presumably to prevent

us from using the time to calculate somehow the distance we'd traveled. I told them I had lost track of my Timex this morning and didn't know if it was among my possessions or not. As I said it, I could tell it sounded suspicious to them. It sounded suspicious to me. But they let it pass.

Then there was the red sneaker ploy. They were going through the contents of my shoulder bag when they came upon one red Adida track shoe, the left one.

"Where's the right one?" Marilyn demanded.

"I was sure it was there. Maybe it got lost too," I suggested.

They exchanged meaningful looks. He's trying the old red sneaker ploy, I was sure they were thinking. He leaves one red sneaker behind as some kind of signal. Then he drops the matching one at the meeting place. They searched every cranny of the interior of the van and did not find the missing sneaker. Marilyn instructed us to put our taped shades back on. She opened the door and looked out the side of the van preparing, it seemed, to retrace our many steps all the way back to the terminal in search of the incriminating Adida, when she saw it soaking in a rain puddle right outside the door of the van. This crisis weathered, she climbed around into the front seat and we drove off in the rain.

In the rear with us, Bruce switched on a car stereo tape deck and put in a cassette of what I think may have been the Stones' "Gimme Shelter." I couldn't tell for sure because something was wrong with the power supply to the tape deck and the music came out in slow, lugubrious, bullfrog croaks. We tooled along with this funereal accompaniment for nearly a half hour and I was beginning to suspect it was some underground brainwashing technique that was being road tested on us, until Bruce turned it off.

We made two stops on the way. One, a bit mysterious, came after we had been traveling for what seemed like an hour or more on a well-paved highway. Suddenly Bruce peered around the edge of the curtain up front and told Marilyn, in the driver's seat, "I'd like to stop and pick up a newspaper at one of those vending machines."

This seemed like an odd request, but a few moments later the woman pulled off the road, came around into the back, told us to put on the taped shades again and watched over us while Bruce left the van. When he returned five minutes later he had no newspaper with him.

"Goddam vending machine ripped

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me off for two dimes and wouldn't give me a paper," he said. Later it occurred to me this might be a way of letting Marilyn know he had made two phone calls at some pay phone, while at the same time explaining to us the absence of the newspaper he had seemed so eager to stop for.

Hours passed. Things began to grow unpleasant inside the van. We were heading into what seemed like mountainous country; the heavy rain turned to sleet and then snow. Our shoes and socks were soaked from our blundering blindfold walk through parking lot puddles. It was getting chilly inside the van, I was feeling a painful pressure in my bladder and they refused to tell us how much longer we'd be on the road.

Stop number two was gas for the van and restrooms for Bruce and Marilyn, but not for us. A real heartbreaker for me: we were not permitted to leave the van to piss. Things were becoming painful. The most they would do for us was slow up and hand us a big plastic bucket to relieve ourselves in. I found it difficult at first.

"Tickle your belly button," Marilyn suggested. That helped. Or maybe it made things worse. Steam rose from the bucket making the interior of the van even less pleasant. They took the bucket from me, stopped, dumped it out of the door and handed it back for future use. The woman must have noticed a sour look on my face.

"That's what it's like living underground," she said.

Enter Abbie

The place was right off the highway. I don't know what highway, but throughout our long afternoon there, I could hear the sounds of traffic slithering over a smooth wet pavement not far beyond the shuttered windows.

We had been on the road long enough to be anywhere from southern Oregon to western Nevada or any California point in between. As we slowed and turned into a driveway they told us to put the taped shades on again. We pulled to a halt in a garage. Someone from the outside opened the van door. We were handed down from inside, led through an outside door, down some kind of hallway and guided into the room. The door was shut behind us and an unfamiliar voice told us we could remove the shades. When we did we saw that our original guides were no longer with us and that we were in an oddly familiar room with three unfamiliar people.

It could have been a motel conference room, a cheapo computer company's executive offices or a living room in a quickie condominium. Institutional broadloom, plywood paneling, furniture and fixtures that were less Abbie Hoffman than Abbey Rents made it all look familiar and absolutely anonymous. The only things out of place were a big green chalkboard at the far end of the room and the posters on the walls and door. Posters of Lenin, of Geronimo; Ho, Che. The famous poster of Patty Hearst with machine gun and SLA cobra. The choice of Patty Hearst for this poster gallery was interesting; the Weather Underground was one of the few groups on the left to wholeheartedly endorse the Hearst kidnapping, and SLA prisoners Remiro and Little were among the long list of dedicatees in *Prairie Fire*. And in fact a red and black copy of *Prairie Fire* had been placed prominently on a coffee table between the two chairs Abbie and I were to use for the interview. Abbie himself was nowhere to be seen.

A tall woman in a blonde wig, one of the three new people, told Michael to get his taping equipment ready. A tall man in sunglasses helped him out. A shorter woman with curly brown hair (or hairpiece) asked us what kind of food we'd like. I had the feeling they were planning to send out to a delicatessen.

The underground hide-and-seek game is "the greatest show in the world and I got the best seats"

There were two other people present we were not allowed to see, Abbie told me in a tape he sent me after the event. They were security. "One was set up in a pay phone as a watch tower, one was right outside the door, and, uh, well, they weren't gonna throw their hands up if the police entered our perimeters. Far from it. They were committed to our protection. . . . When I say they're professionals," Abbie said of the unseen people behind the door, "I didn't mean they were doing this for money. They do this because they're communists. These are very heavy people."

A knock on the door. The three new people told Michael to start his camera rolling, filed out and closed the door behind them. There was a poster of Lenin on the door. Lenin depicted striding forth in the vanguard of an army of workers and Cyrillic letters. The door opened and Abbie appeared.

At least it appeared to be Abbie. It wasn't Clifford Irving. But there was something strange about the man who entered the room, walked over to the chalkboard, flourished a piece of chalk and signed "Abbie Hoffman." This mystery guest looked like someone *disguised* as Abbie Hoffman. He was. But before we get into the perplexities of the plastic surgery problem, let's let two FBI agents tell the panel something about the mystery guest. What follows are excerpts from FBI file #176–6, dated 9/12/68 and made available to me by Anita Hoffman. It is still the best brief biographical statement about Abbie on record.

ABBOTT HOFFMAN, when interviewed by Special Agents JOHN W. ROBINSON AND DANIEL H. LUCKING on September 6, 1968 advised that he was raised in Worcester, Massachusetts, that he attend . . . attended Worcester Classical High School which "kicked" him out. . . . HOFFMAN stated that he wrote a paper against God; that his teacher tore it up; that he "belted" the teacher and was expelled. For a year thereafter HOFFMAN hung out in the pool halls of Worcester then enrolled in Worcester Academy . . . attended Brandeis University . . . took graduate work at the University of California, Berkeley and took courses in some school in France.

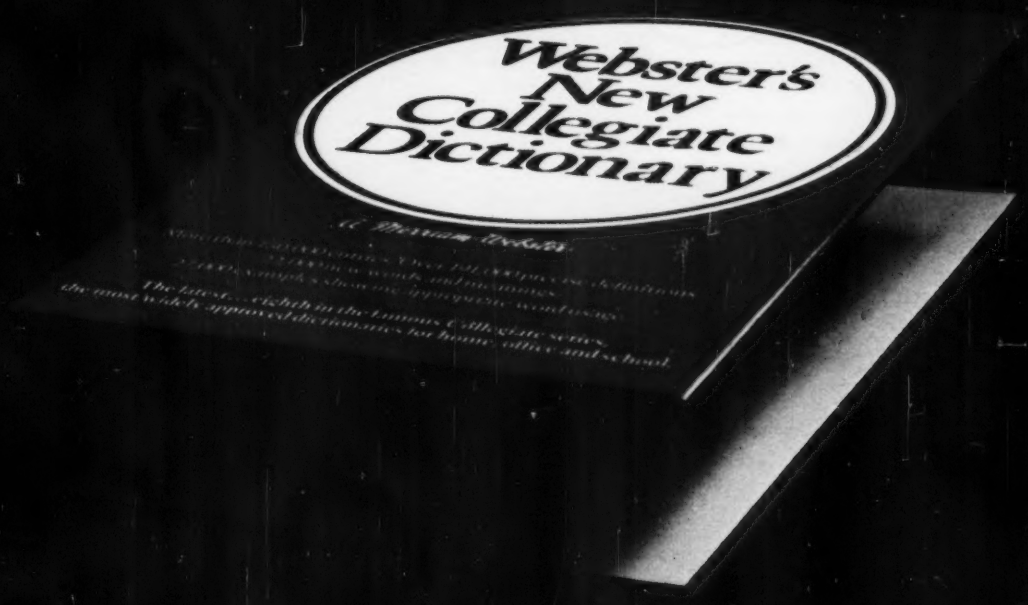
HOFFMAN stated that he had worked for about six years after college, that his last job was with the state of Massachusetts as a psychologist; that he has held numerous jobs including that of a wholesaler. HOFFMAN stated that he has always been able to make money as a pool hustler. HOFFMAN claimed to be a superior pool player. HOFFMAN stated that when he first came to New York City he opened a store to sell products of the Mississippi poor people. . . .

HOFFMAN, who appears to be alert, speaks in the jargon of the "beatnik" using expressions like "man," "my thing," "the establishment" and "I want to turn you on." He is evasive and appears to enjoy being the center of attention. . . . HOFFMAN made no complaint about being interviewed but made it clear that he felt that he was on the opposite side of "things" to the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

The notorious nose

You have to take all of that into account. Particularly when it comes to figuring out the plastic surgery and the rain check questions. Before Abbie became a political revolutionary, he was a juvenile delinquent, a Brandeis-trained psychologist, a salesman (wholesale

rip-off



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drugs, the pharmaceutical kind) and a pool hustler. After he became a revolutionary he didn't stop being any of those. You have to look at the tale of underground life he unfolded in the hours to follow from the point of view of a pool hustler turned media manipulator and myth maker facing two distinct audiences.

One is you, the other is the FBI. The Bureau is going to want to know where he is and what he looks like.

"This isn't what I look like," Abbie tells me and the camera, early on in the interview. He says he's had extensive plastic surgery, that it's altered his appearance so much that he can stroll around in public with impunity and if you passed him on the street you'd never dream he was Abbie Hoffman. You may have passed him on the street today. He said he had to perform a major make-up job on himself to recreate the Abbie Hoffman of old for the purposes of this interview. But the big question about this major make-up job—and about much of what he told me of underground life—is this: how do you tell what's real and what's made up?

I should have pinched his nose. I was pretty certain he was wearing some kind of wig—a dark curly Abbie-shaped wig. And I was pretty certain there was a layer of pancake make-up on his face and dark make-up lines around his eyes and his mouth. But the nose was the puzzler. Abbie's big battered nose—busted by cops almost as many times as Abbie—had always been his most identifiable facial feature. Any serious identity-changing plastic surgery would involve a drastic nose job to render it inconspicuous. Abbie said he used a lot of facial putty to build his new nose back to the bumpy eminence of the old for the interview. I stared at the nose off and on during the interview. I'm no make-up expert, but it didn't look like putty to me. It looked like his nose. I began to wonder. Weeks later, watching the videotape of the interview, I noticed something I hadn't picked up on at the time: Abbie made a habit of putting his hand up to his nose while he was talking and—seemingly unselfconsciously—playing with the nose as if he were nudging some drooping putty back into place. At one point he rose from his chair, walked over to a corner of the room, turned his back to the camera and put his hands up to his nose as if engaged in a major putty readjustment. I began to wonder about all this attention he was drawing to his putty when it never looked the least bit out of place to me.

Could it be he wanted you, me and the FBI to think putty when it was really his old unreconstructed nose? Maybe the Abbie-type wig didn't conceal the straight blonde short hair he hinted at but rather the same old curly black Abbie head of hair. Maybe the dark make-up lines followed the pattern of his old lines. Maybe he never had plastic surgery at all but wants the FBI to think he did so they'll start hunting for someone who *doesn't* look like Abbie Hoffman.

I don't think so. I don't think he could have escaped capture this long without plastic surgery. Maybe he planted the doubt about the surgery in my mind to make the FBI think he was trying to trick them into *not* looking for an Abbie Hoffman look-alike, thereby convincing them they *should* look for an Abbie look-alike and thoroughly confusing the whole issue. When you're dealing with a three-cushion billiard player you can't ignore the possibility of such calculations. Take the problem of what Abbie meant when he smiled slyly and said "I'll have to take a rain check on that question," when he was asked whether we were in fact with the Weather Underground. The "rain check" implication was "Yes, but I'm not allowed to come out and say it." But the reality might be no.

Of course there's a danger, because Abbie can be so funny, in not taking him seriously *enough* (Murray Kempton said it best when he wrote of

Abbie: "There are those less gallant than he, who could not believe that anyone this antic and this cheerful could be a truly serious man. But serious he was").

Nevertheless, I have no way of verifying independently the tales Abbie told of life in the fugitive underground. With that in mind this is Abbie's story of how he became a fugitive and ended up in an underground communist cadre.

A year in the life

"I'd been ready, I'd been packed since 1970," he says. He did a "practice trip" underground in 1971 after his nose had been busted at the May Day demonstrations. It was something like his forty-first arrest since his busts in Memphis for civil rights organizing and they weren't getting any more enjoyable.

He began building whole sets of false identity papers using the *Day of the Jackal* dead-baby-birth-certificate method and other tricks of the phony paper trade he describes in detail in *The Book of the Month Club Selection,* his unpublished crime-instruction sequel to *Steal This Book*.

The manuscript of *The Book of the Month* contains a now-poignant chapter on how to be a successful drug dealer, the topic Abbie says he was researching in late August 1973 when "I naively ended up in a room it would have been best not to enter."

Arrested in that room in Manhattan's Hotel Diplomat and charged with selling cocaine to a police narcotics agent, Abbie faced a penalty of 15 years to life if found guilty. Testimony in a pretrial hearing into the circumstances of that bust has raised questions about illegal wiretapping (of Abbie's mother-in-law's apartment, no less) and possible entrapment, questions that have led the police department itself to begin an internal investigation of the case. Abbie is convinced that once the whole story is out it will show that he was "not dealing by any stretch of the imagination." But he feared he'd be tried and sent up to Attica before the defense could adequately investigate the arrest and expose what he calls a "frame-up."

He was growing tired of life as Abbie Hoffman anyway. Every year a new bust, a new beating, always a target, always trapped, facing life. "I was miserable before I left; it was like falling off a cliff," he says. "For two months before I left, I was impotent, never happened before, just wouldn't get stiffo . . . it was *interesting*."

Not that interesting. Sometime between New Year's 1974 and a scheduled court appearance in late April, he said goodbye to his wife Anita and his son america, dropped out of sight and paid a visit to a plastic surgeon. By early May when he was officially declared a fugitive, he had recovered from his extensive surgery and had managed to alter not only his face but every aspect of his appearance. Bearing in mind previous caveats, based on the hints and statements given during the interview, this is how Abbie Hoffman looks these days.

His hair is short and straight; so is his nose. The surgery has made him look younger than his 38 years. He's thinner ("I stuffed myself for a week before this interview to fill myself out to my old weight," he said). He dresses differently ("I bought all these very funny suavo clothes on Mastercharge," he said). He walks differently (he took karate to improve his control over his body and alter his distinctive gait; in the middle of the interview he told me to punch his stomach hard as I could to see whether or not he was in shape. I did. He was. "This is the only way of life in which you can indulge in total vanity without any sense of guilt," he says. "Your looks are your passport.")

He talks differently. Probably the hardest task for someone like Abbie. He's

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made himself more mild mannered now. Preparing to recreate the old Abbie for the interview, "I practiced playing myself—or him," he says. "It was strange, a little schitzy at times . . . but I knew that if I made it very Jewish it would come out like me."

The Jewish kid who wrote the paper "against God" is a practicing Catholic now, or was for four months. It took a lot of practice at first. "I went to Easter Sunday mass and realized I didn't know how to genuflect," he said.

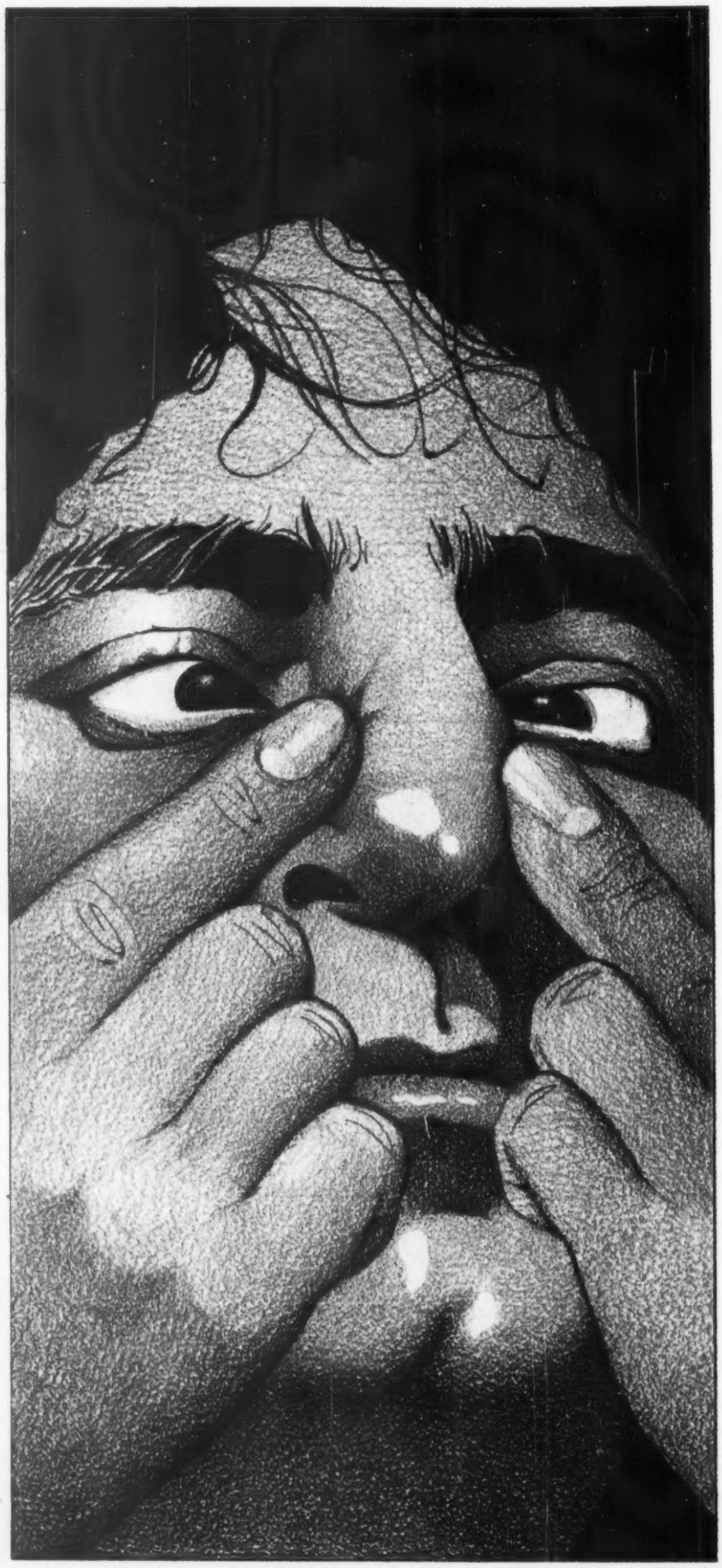
He's lived a relentlessly middle-class life style. "The key to not getting caught is to change your class and your culture," he says. He's so confident of not getting caught he feels free to travel around publicly, at the same time he does underground political work. No riding vans and pissing in buckets for him. He doesn't even worry much about contact with cops, he says. He was busted once on a minor drug charge and looked so middle class he was able to bribe the arresting officer into letting him off without arousing the slightest suspicion. Just this morning, he says, after calling us at the pay phone he returned to his car, found himself locked out and went right up to two policemen to help him break back in.

"I'm the safest thing going," Abbie says.

He wasn't always that confident. "At first I was absolutely convinced I'd get caught right off," he says. "For the first three months I even wore this cyanide amulet around my neck—at least I think it was cyanide."

He decided to take things slowly at first. He went to some unspecified mountain region while his scars healed. He tried to give himself some extra time by spreading false leads about his whereabouts. It seemed to work. FBI agents visited Anita Hoffman, looked under her bed and then told her they had proof Abbie was in Switzerland with a mistress.

He didn't plunge right into the underground political activity he's doing now, he says. After the scars healed he took a room in a quiet boardinghouse in an out-of-the-way part of America—he won't say where—and settled down to practice his new identity. "When I say boardinghouse I don't mean it was like I was George Raft hiding out and they're slipping the food under the door," he explains. "I was working during the day, went to school at night." (One of the night school courses was an introduction to the basic texts of Marxist Leninism. It evidently had some influence, for while Abbie once described himself as an anarchist, he now declares that he's a communist with a small "c" à la *Prairie Fire*.)



He lived at the boardinghouse for four months, practicing his straight, middle-class, young Catholic act so well that the straight, middle-class, young Catholic niece of the woman who ran the boardinghouse fell in love with him.

"She was very conservative; you know, she went to beauty parlors every two weeks," Abbie says. "The people I met were very strange, very different. I was able to see this whole different side of America." The aunt was even more conservative, Abbie says—he and the niece had to conduct a totally underground relationship at anonymous motels away from the boardinghouse.

Sad complications disrupted this liason. He thought he had an obligation to tell her *something*, because she was about to throw over a long-time suitor for Abbie without realizing that Abbie had plans to leave her and the boardinghouse behind to enter into underground political work.

The thing that decided him against telling her was the day he turned her on to grass. Her first time. She became hysterical, threw up, called him "some kind of devil trying to corrupt me." (Stoned, the woman may have sensed something about Abbie's secret that had escaped her before—after all, most of America always thought Abbie was "Some kind of devil trying to corrupt" it.)

After that incident Abbie must have decided that if she were to discover that her good Catholic sweetheart was the notorious corrupter Abbie Hoffman she might suffer an adverse reaction more serious than the one from the grass. So he left the boardinghouse without telling her. Until now.

All in the family

Abbie gets deliberately vague about where he went or what he did after the boardinghouse, because the identity he assumed next is the one he still uses. "I essentially changed my whole identity to the one I have now and this one I'll probably stick with for a long, long time. I actually like it. I like the person I am now. I mean even better than old Abbie."

He hints that he's been living in a suburb somewhere hanging out with junior executives and going to parties with bankers.

Secure in this new, new identity, the David Janssen, lone fugitive phase of Abbie's underground existence came to an end. He began to contact some political people and began to do underground organizing with some kind of "family." Some members of his "family" are political fugitives like himself, he says, some live straight, aboveground lives and some "are kind of in the middle." The family operates collectively and maintains contact with other underground collectives, each of which has it's own political tasks to carry out, "ranging from organizing food conspiracy collectives . . . to blowing up buildings."

At some point in his family activities Abbie meets a woman—he won't say if she's a family member or one of the ones we met. They fall in love and get married.

"You're kidding me," is my reaction when Abbie drops this little nuptial notice into the middle of the interview.

"You're supposed to say mazel tov," he says, relishing my astonishment.

He *could* be kidding. But for me this marriage announcement is convincing evidence that Abbie is absolutely serious about spending the rest of his life underground. Because, as long as I've known him, one thing Abbie has been absolutely serious about is his eight-year marriage to Anita. I don't think he'd be flippant about a new marriage unless it was for real.

I'm no make-up expert, but it didn't look like putty to me. It looked like his nose. I began to wonder. . .

"It's a complicated thing," Abbie says, "especially when I'm still in love with Anita. I mean, we'll be in love until we die or our next life or whatever."

But not this life. After this interview, he says, "Anita and I may never be able to be in contact again." He does talk wistfully of a children's story he wrote for his son america, a story based on the Odysseus/Penelope/Telemachus family story. He muses about the possibility that someday, "when the underground art reaches that stage," his son, now age 3, might come, like Telemachus, to his rescue. A children's story, he admits, and he says he makes up other myths for america that raise no expectations of a return.

Back in Manhattan Anita Hoffman is not exactly leading the life of Penelope. She is besieged, not by suitors, but by FBI agents who make impromptu visits to her and her friends and do things like open her refrigerator door to make sure Abbie has not been hiding among the vegetables. Besieged by IRS agents who are trying to put a $5,000 tax lien on her for $25,000 Abbie donated to put up bail for one of the Panther 21. The $25,000 was the only big money Abbie ever made from his media fame—he got it from selling the movie rights to *Revolution for the Hell of It*. He signed it over the same day he got it and never saw it again because—as Abbie would—the man turned fugitive and forfeited the bond. Anita says she has no regrets about the $25,000 gift because it was used to set someone free. But it's been used to harass her—Abbie says the tax lien is part of an effort to "starve Anita out" to get back at him—and she's raising their child on welfare now. Her experiences with the welfare system and with welfare women have turned her into an organizer in her own right at the Downtown Welfare Advocate Center in lower Manhattan. It's not been an easy life for Anita but in a way she's become the organizer she couldn't be when she and Abbie did things together and he was the star of the couple. Some weeks after my meeting with Abbie, I visited Anita. She was more interested in talking about her present work organizing groups in support of a guaranteed adequate income for poor families than in digging up her past with Abbie. But I did ask her what she thought of Abbie's Odysseus/Penelope musings. "That's a nice story and I'll always be in love with Abbie," she said. "But Penelope's supposed to be sitting down at a loom all day, right? I'm not the kind of person who just sits around."

And unlike wily Odysseus, wily Abbie is not really trying to find his way back to Penelope. He's busy exploring a newer world underground. He likes it there. "I've always been an explorer," he says. "I'm an underground artist, a gambler with gambler's instincts," he adds later. "I'm a communist," he reemphasizes at another point. "Not a good communist, I'm getting better . . . a romantic communist." And, he concedes, "a voyeur"of sorts because the underground hide-and-seek game is "the greatest show in the world and I got the best seats there are."

And he's not giving them up. Barring capture ("I'd sure be ashamed if I'm caught," he says), he foresees nothing that could entice him out of the underground. Certainly not the prospect of resuming the life of Abbie Hoffman again. "Even if they dropped the charges against me back in New York and I could walk free, I don't think I'd wanna go back. I'm almost grateful to the cops who busted me for making me get off my ass. What's there to go back for anyway? You get tired sitting around telling the same old stories."

First of two parts. Next, Abbie and the people behind the door.

A rogues' gallery of refugees

By Michael Drosnin

Among the 120,000 Vietnamese refugees now pouring into this country are hundreds, perhaps thousands, of secret police, torturers and assassins, scores of corrupt political and military leaders of the former regime and several major heroin traffickers.

The vast majority of Vietnamese already here or still in Guam are war victims rather than war criminals. But while they are kept waiting in overcrowded tent camps by a cumbersome process meant to screen out "undesirables," some of the most unsavory of their countrymen have been allowed to leave without any security checks.

The merely corrupt—those who siphoned off millions of dollars from American aid—have been getting the most attention, but present the least problem. Of far more concern are the many prominent Vietnamese officials whose wealth is derived from the narcotics trade. Southeast Asia produces 70 percent of the world's illicit opium, and most of the same men responsible for turning an estimated 30,000 American GIs into addicts are now in the United States. With underworld contacts already established, they are likely to become this country's prime Asian connection, following the example of the Cubans, who now control a major share of the U.S. narcotics business through their sources in South America.

Similarly, the next Watergate may well be staffed by Vietnamese. Many have been on the CIA payroll throughout the war years and will almost certainly now be used as domestic spies. Several key members of South Vietnam's vast and

Hidden among the innocent war victims pouring into America from Vietnam are hundreds—perhaps thousands—of war criminals: assassins, torturers, heroin traffickers. Here are some to keep an eye on

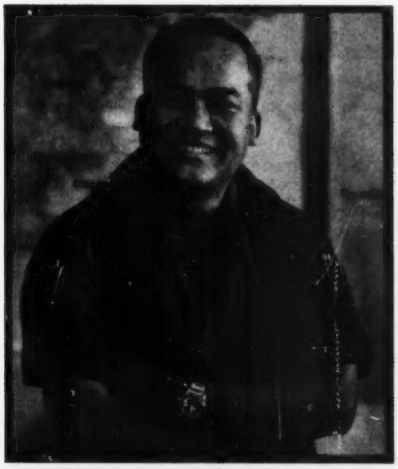
brutal secret police network are here as refugees, as are at least some of the high officials behind the Phoenix squads that assassinated 20,000 civilians. The CIA refuses to say how many of its trained killers were evacuated—the San Francisco *Examiner* recently put the figure at 5,000—but it is known that the agency had top priority and staged its own withdrawal prior to the main pullout.

"I think we just brought ourselves in a few thousand hoods and hit men," says ex-agent Victor Marchetti. "We've undoubtedly acquired a large army of CIA mercenaries," agrees Daniel Ellsberg. "I don't think they plan to go on welfare. They'll continue on the Company payroll."

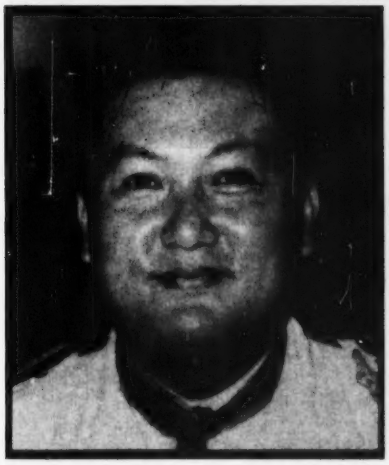
For more than a decade the government tried to hide from the American people the awful truth of the war in Vietnam, and now a cover-up of the refugee situation appears to be underway.

Under congressional pressure, the administration reluctantly agreed to screen the refugees for "assassins and torturers." But it is the CIA—the agency that selected, trained and paid thousands of Vietnamese to perform precisely those acts—which will do the checking. In fact, it was CIA Director William E. Colby who ran the Phoenix program at its height. (All Vietnamese over 17 will also be required to sign an oath swearing that they never "persecuted" anybody, but officials say privately that the oath is so vague as to be virtually unenforceable.)

"I seriously question whether the CIA will identify its hand-picked murderers," says Senator James Abourezk, who last week introduced a bill forbidding any U.S. intelligence agency to hire Vietna-



HUDDLED MASSES YEARNING TO BREATHE FREE: Gen. Ngo Dzu (top left), named as a heroin trafficker; Gen. Trang Si Tan (top right), a master torturer. Gen. Nguyen Ngoc Loan (center) summarily executes a Viet Cong suspect. Gen. Dang Van Quang (bottom left), accused of selling heroin to finance Thieu's rigged election; Col. Nguyen Mau (bottom right), once head of a notorious Saigon interrogation center.



mese Phoenix alumni.

In any case, Abourezk did not move fast enough. Adding to the grim charade, the CIA, according to Vietnamese sources, has already selected an old friend to help it screen the refugees—Brigadier General Nguyen Khac Binh, who was head of the South Vietnamese Central Intelligence Office. (Binh also had a key role in evacuation planning, but threw that debacle into further disarray by leaving for the United States a day early.)

Meanwhile, knowledgeable sources among the refugees say that several of Binh's colleagues, possibly including Colonel Nguyer Van Ve, director of the infamous "tiger cages" at Con Son political prison, have entered this country under assumed names, assisted by the CIA. (The agency declined comment.) And CBS recently revealed that General Huynh Thai Tay, chief of the special police branch investigating Viet Cong suspects, was processed in Guam under the name Truong Bay. Another of the most hated figures in the deposed regime, Brigadier General Tran Van Giau, who oversaw surveillance of opposition South Vietnamese politicians, identified himself as an infantry colonel. Others known to be here do not show up on any official list.

"I will not put any list in the hands of the communists," says L. Dean Brown, head of the Interagency Task Force on Refugees, refusing further explanation of the apparent omissions.

One of the phantom refugees spotted on Guam is General Nguyen Ngoc Loan, best known for his summary execution of a Viet Cong suspect in front of U.S. television cameras during the 1968 Tet offensive. Loan, who was once one of the most powerful and feared men in Saigon, simultaneously directed the National Police, the Military Security Service and the Central Intelligence Office. Ruthless and corrupt, he acted as then-Premier Nguyen Cao Ky's bagman and enforcer, reportedly collecting kickbacks from the opium trade. During the 1967 election campaign, Loan was accused of having ordered the assassination of an opposition legislator.

Loan's current whereabouts are unknown, but many other members of the police state apparatus are residing at the Camp Pendleton, Calif., refugee center. Generals Tay and Giau are there and they, along with their colleagues and Loan's former boss, Ky, are reported to be exercising almost as much control over their countrymen as they did before the fall.

General Trang Si Tan, former Saigon police chief, is also at Pendleton, having his meals brought to him in his tent, against camp rules, while other refugees wait in long lines. Tan's reputation as a torture-master is exceeded only by his Pendleton neighbor, Colonel Nguyen Mau. A former director of the special branch, National Police, Mau ran the notorious Tong Nha interrogation center in Saigon. "He was definitely involved in Phoenix," says Robert Komer, who initiated the program as President Johnson's special representative in 1966.

One political prisoner who was interrogated by Mau in July 1970, Jean Pierre Debris, says he witnessed the Colonel's henchmen bind a Vietnamese hand and foot to a bench, tie a rag over his nose and then pour soapy water and crankcase oil down his throat. Debris, a French schoolteacher who had been arrested for passing out antigovernment leaflets in front of the National Assembly, escaped Mau's torture himself, but saw a Vietnamese friend beaten so badly he couldn't walk for more than a year. "They put needles under his nails, administered repeated electric shocks to his genitals and kept hitting him with clubs," says Debris. "Later, while I was in my cell, I saw women being carried by on stretchers, entirely black and blue."

Debris, who was to spend two and a half years in Chi Hoa prison, also had personal experience with another refugee, Colonel Loi Nguyen Tan, Chi Hoa's director. "Once he had me and several other political prisoners corralled into the yard, and sent in 80 or 100 trustees to beat us up with clubs and table legs while he watched." Debris also described Chi Hoa's ED compound, where the cells were so narrow inmates couldn't lie down, but had to stand or squat all the time. Col. Tan, who is now in Guam, was also mentioned in a September 1970 report smuggled out of Chi Hoa and signed by 82 women prisoners. The text, published in *Hostages of War*, a 1973 book by Don Luce and Holmes Brown, states: "Loi Nguyen Tan ordered the trustees to come into cells and beat us with clubs, table legs and iron bars. Only when blood had streamed enough did he order his people to stop."

Another notorious jailer, Colonel Nguyen Minh Chau, is also at Pendleton. Chau was a warden at the worst of the political prisons, Con Son, where as many as five inmates, male and female, were crammed into 5 foot by 9 foot "tiger cages," starved and often refused even water. Col. Chau was Con Son's chief disciplinarian. The beatings he administered earned him the nickname, "the reformer."

The official who had overall responsibility for political prisoners since 1973, Nguyen Ngoc Bich, is now believed to be in Guam. Bich, who was educated at Columbia and Princeton, moved from his position as head of the psychological warfare department to become South Vietnam's equivalent of FBI chief, which also encompassed the political intelligence service.

Two other Vietnamese who are already in this country apparently played important roles in the Phoenix operation. Tran Ngoc Nhuan, who arrived in Hayward, Calif., a week before the main evacuation on the last World Airways flight out of Saigon, was commander of the military intelligence school. Colonel Nguyen Van Giau, who is now at Pendleton, signed an April 5, 1973 directive aimed at circumventing the Paris peace agreement's ban on political prisoners, identifying himself as "Head Secretary, National Council of Operation Phoenix." The document, reprinted in the French newspaper *Le Monde*, orders that persons arrested not be referred to as "condemned communists" or "communist agents" but instead by the innocuous notation, "disturbing the peace."

That the CIA would attempt to keep hidden the war criminals it trained is not hard to understand. Less comprehensible is the Drug Enforcement Administration's apparent reluctance to identify the drug peddlers among the refugees.

General Ngo Dzu, former II Corps commander, was cleared out of the Fort Chaffee refugee camp May 7 without a security check. The DEA should have no trouble finding substantial adverse evidence on Dzu, who is now living in Sacramento. On July 7, 1971 Dzu was named as "one of the chief traffickers in heroin in Southest Asia" in testimony before a House Foreign Affairs subcommittee.

Rep. Robert Steele, a former CIA agent, said that U.S. military authorities had given Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker "hard intelligence" that Dzu was the most important among the "South Vietnamese military officers [who] deal in large quantities of heroin and transport it around in military aircraft and vehicles."

"Beginning in January 1971, the U.S Army's Criminal Investigation division began gathering detailed information on Gen. Dzu's involvement with GI heroin traffic," states Alfred W. McCoy in his 1972 book, *The Politics of Heroin in Southeast Asia*. "Although these reports were sent to the U.S. embassy through proper channels, the U.S. mission did absolutely nothing."

Michael G. McCann, chief U.S. police adviser in Vietnam, in a memo-

randum to the U.S. military command in Saigon dated June 10, 1971, stated that Gen. Dzu "is trafficking in heroin," and provided names of his contacts. But when Rep. Steele raised the issue one month later, the senior U.S. adviser in II Corps declared, "There is no information available to me that in any shape, manner or fashion would substantiate the charges."

Dzu's clearance from Fort Chaffee without a DEA check suggests that once more American officials may be covering up for the General.

Still at Chaffee is Gen. Dang Van Quang. Considered one of the most corrupt generals in Vietnam, Quang served as Thieu's military and security adviser and bagman. According to the McCoy book, Quang, through his control of the army, managed the distribution and sale of heroin to American GIs. On July 15, 1971, NBC reported that Quang was the "biggest pusher" in South Vietnam, using the proceeds of the narcotics trade to support Thieu's election campaign. Once more the U.S. embassy said it could find "no evidence" to support the charges.

One of Quang's associates, Rear Admiral Chung Tan Cang, who was last seen on Guam, used his ships to smuggle vast quantities of heroin and opium, according to McCoy. When the American government began pressuring the Vietnamese to crack down, Quang appointed Cang as chairman of the National Anti-Narcotics Committee.

The South Vietnamese air force was also heavily involved in the heroin trade. General Pan Phung Tien, now a refugee in Guam, was commander of the 5th air transport division and Tan Son Nhut air force base. According to McCoy, Tien was "close to many Corsican gangsters and has been implicated in the smuggling of drugs between Laos and Vietnam." In August 1971, the director-general of South Vietnam's customs singled out Tien as "the least cooperative in his efforts to narrow the channels through which heroin reached Vietnam." Tien, says McCoy, was "a central figure in Vietnam's narcotics traffic."

Among the refugees now in this country, the list of the merely corrupt is virtually endless. In a political milieu where corruption was a way of life and billions of American dollars flowed freely, there were many who siphoned off large amounts of money.

Former President Thieu, now in Taiwan, has recently been reported to be a billionaire, with tons of gold stashed away. The chairman of his joint chiefs of staff, General Cao Van Vien, who fled to Taiwan with Thieu, is now reported to be in the Washington area. He is probably the wealthiest of many wealthy South Vietnamese generals, and his wife is said to have amassed a separate fortune selling military promotions and profiting from real estate around American bases where bars and bordellos flourished.

Generals Vinh Loc, commander of II Corps, Nguyen Huu Co, who was Ky's defense minister and Hoang Xuan Lam, a former I Corps commander, all reputedly found their military careers quite profitable, and all are now among the refugees. The case of Lt. Gen. Lu Lan is similar, but has an interesting twist. Considered one of the most corrupt military leaders, Lan was designated chief of the inspectorate, with the mandate to end military corruption. He apparently appreciated the irony. In a recent New York *Times* interview at Camp Pendleton he explained with refreshing candor, "Those who remained honest were considered crazy. They had wives who said to them, 'Are you crazy, look at Mrs. Lt. Gen. _____. She has two villas and three cars and beautiful clothes, and here we have nothing but rags.' So if it was impossible to compete in an honest way, it was very easy to compete in a dishonest way."

"I think we just brought ourselves in a few thousand hoods and hit men," says ex-CIA agent Victor Marchetti

Many civilian leaders also found their fortunes in the decade of American largesse, and while some are still in refugee camps, most will soon have fancier addresses. Tran Quoc Buu, head of the South Vietnamese national labor union—often referred to as the AFL-CIA because of Buu's close agency ties—is said to have come into a windfall when former president Diem was killed in the 1963 coup. According to a reliable source, Diem had been channeling his money abroad through Buu, who took a substantial portion of the loot upon Diem's untimely demise. Buu is said to be planning to make his home in the Washington area.

Pham Kim Ngoc, a former minister of economy, is also now a Washingtonian, as is Nguyen Tien Hung, ex-minister of planning. Both men are said to have grown wealthy in office. The presence of so many former Vietnamese military and civilian officials in the nation's capital has given rise to rumors that they are planning a government in exile. Says General Nguyen Chanh Thi, who was forced out of Vietnam in 1966 for his opposition to American military policy and Ky administration graft, "If they do it, it will only be to get more American money to put in their pockets."

Several former political leaders who some in the Vietnamese community believe to be both corrupt and well-heeled are leading simple lives. Their detractors claim it is a temporary deceit to avoid American hostility. Hoang Duc Nha, who was to his cousin Thieu what Ziegler, Haldeman, Ehrlichman and Mitchell were to Nixon, helped rig the 1971 election in which Thieu received 97 percent of the vote (he was the only choice on the ballot), but was fired by his cousin in a corruption clean-up three years later. Living with friends in Washington, Nha says he needs a job to make ends meet, but other Vietnamese claim he has hidden wealth.

Phan Quang Dan, ex-minister of social welfare, was recently portrayed by the Washington *Post* as living modestly in the suburbs of the District, with only one set of clothes and one goal—to help the other refugees. But other Vietnamese insist that Dan in 1973 ran a repressive refugee resettlement program in his own country, uprooting hundreds of thousands of peasants from their ancestral land to form a buffer zone around Saigon against communist attack, and in the process pocketed resettlement funds.

What is to be done about these refugee rogues? First, perhaps, we should recognize they are the Vietnamese we most fully succeeded in Americanizing. We taught them the Occidental lack of regard for human life (Oriental life, that is), and the value of the dollar. If they are villains, they are villains of our creation. If the Vietnamese who engaged in assassination and torture are to be denied entry into this country, what is to be done with CIA Director Colby?

Indeed, the refugee cover-up is aimed less at protecting the Vietnamese war criminals than their American counterparts. A full airing of their sins would inevitably result in a frank disclosure of ours. Which may be exactly what this country needs.

"Let's get them identified—every refugee who was paid one piaster by the CIA," says Daniel Ellsberg. "That will neutralize them as a threat in this country. And then, let's call them before the Church committee—if they want to find out about assassinations, about the CIA, who better to ask than these Vietnamese?"●

The CIA and the Mafia

By Robert Sam Anson

There is an almost obscene glee in Washington these days; the kind of blood lust that sweeps over a bullring the moment before the big, black animal, wounded and wild-eyed, receives the final sword thrust to the brain. You don't want to look, and yet you can't help it. Despite, maybe because of, the gore, the spectacle that is about to be played out is deeply satisfying. After three decades of spying, lying, destabilizing governments and terminating with extreme prejudice, the CIA is about to get it in the neck.

The disclosures now are coming in torrents. CIA opening mail. CIA spying on Americans. CIA plotting murder. Even the Rockefeller Commission, in its rush to absolve the Agency of the worst of the charges that have been laid against it, has been obliged to dispatch investigators to Dallas, Texas, to clear up persistent questions about the Agency's possible involvement in the Kennedy assassination. The Church committee's investigation of the Agency is still weeks away, and yet the rumor mill is already grinding. One report has it that Sy Hersh, whose disclosures started it all and who has been ominously silent the last few weeks, is working on a story involving the killing of an unnamed American in this country by the CIA. Another rumor has it that James Angleton, the ousted director of domestic operations for the CIA, is unburdening his soul to Hersh, his former tormentor. Unlikely as both stories are, they are indicative of the mind set in Washington and Langley. "There's something pathetic about it and disgusting," says an old State Department hand from Laos. "All the guys in the Agency are tripping over one another to be the first to fink on a friend. The thing is coming apart. They're panicked. Everyone wants to save his ass."

It was inevitable: gentlemen wishing to be killers gravitated to killers wishing to be gentlemen

The storm breaking over Langley has been years in coming. Even now, with the evidence rolling in, the image of the CIA as an aggregation of international gangsters is a difficult one to accept. Gentlemen, as Henry Stimson so memorably put it, do not open each other's mail, much less slit each other's throats, and, in the public imagination, CIA has always seemed a gentlemanly calling, a vocation for the thin-lipped and well turned-out, the products of good families and the right schools, who wished to serve their country and fight communism without getting their hands dirty. They were tweedy, civilized sorts, in the best traditions of the "Oh So Social" OSS, these agents of the imagination. And certainly, there were many who fit that mold. The quiet men of Langley's seventh floor executive suite—the analysts, the OSS veterans who went into business and publishing and wrote their memoirs of derring-do with the French *Maquis*—they were like that. But they were never the men on whom CIA relied. Those were a different sort. "I remember the first time I ran into them," says a former senior official of the New York Police Department. "And I remember the jolt I got. I expected Yale blue bloods. And you know what they were? Animals. Just animals."

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The problem, of course, was the nature of the job. The real work of CIA, the sleaziness that went with it, was not for blue bloods. It was a task for those rather less squeamish about the unpleasant necessities of intelligence work—the dope running and blackmailing and "hits" of men gone sour. Thus, from the beginning, there was always a duality in CIA, a cleavage between what it wished to seem, even to itself, and what, given the nature of the world it worked in, it had to be. They were killers, as Harrison Salisbury recently put it, but always "gentlemen killers."

It was inevitable, then, that gentlemen wishing to be killers would gravitate to killers wishing to be gentlemen. And in their meeting would be the most bizarre alliance in the history of the United States: the Central Intelligence Agency and organized crime.

From the start, it was a natural affinity. According to the jaunty memoir of Miles Copeland, a former agent, General William "Wild Bill" Donovan, the founder and wartime chief of OSS, decided it would be useful to have a "corps of skilled safecrackers, housebreakers and assassins" on hand "who might be put to constructive purposes in wartime." And so, like the connoisseur of fine things that he was, General Donovan went out and got the best: the best in this case being Mr. Salvatore C. Luciana, more familiarly known as Charles "Lucky" Luciano, the boss of all bosses, the smartest and most ruthless man *La Cosa Nostra*—the Mafia—has ever seen.

"From the CIA's standpoint, the arrangement makes good sense," explains John Marks, a former State Department intelligence official and coauthor of *The CIA and the Cult of Intelligence*. "There are things which organized crime can do which CIA either cannot or chooses not to do. They [the Mafia] have intelligence contacts all over the world. And their dealings are entirely secret. In fact, they are about the only people as secret as CIA."

That secrecy—the vow of *omerta*—still shrouds much of the nature and extent of CIA's dealings with *La Cosa Nostra*. But, incident by incident, the truth is slowly dribbling out. When the incidents are put together they form a mosaic of cooperation in everything from smuggling to drug pushing to attempted murder. All done in what the Agency likes to call "the national interest."

Thirty years ago, there was no quarrel about the national interest: it was winning the war. There is also little doubt that, at the behest of OSS, the Mafia contributed greatly to the effort. The reason was not so much patriotism as self-interest. In the United States, Luciano, who had been convicted in 1936 of forced prostitution, was moldering in Dannemora on a 30- to 50-year sentence. Meanwhile, in Italy and Sicily, the Mafia was being brutally uprooted by Mussolini, who quite properly regarded its sway over the rural countryside as a threat to Fascist rule. From his cell, Luciano let it be known that the mob could play a valuable role in protecting East Coast U.S. ports from Axis saboteurs. In the years that followed, American ports, now under the benign protection of the mob, never again suffered a serious incident of sabotage.

Luciano again put his talents to use when the Allies invaded Sicily in July 1943. On Luciano's instructions, the Mafia came out of the hills to clear the way for the American and British invaders, going so far as to organize welcoming demonstrations for the advancing troops. In gratitude, the Allies appointed local Mafia chieftains as mayors of a number of Sicilian towns. When the invasion spread to Italy, and Luciano proved useful again, the American military government indicated its thanks by appointing one of Luciano's lieutenants as translator/liaison officer in U.S. Army headquarters. The translator's name was Vito Genovese.

Luciano's own reward did not come until six months after the end of the war, when, in January 1946, New York Governor Thomas E. Dewey, the man who had sent him to prison, granted him executive clemency. Luciano was deported and, in the succeeding months, so were more than 100 of his brethren Mafiosi. Together in Italy, they resurrected their international heroin ring. By 1952, the number of U.S. addicts had tripled.

Much of the heroin that came into the United States moved through Marseilles, where, within a few years after the war, the CIA was once again calling on the Mafia for help. Marseilles was a traditional stronghold of the French left and, in mid-November 1947, the city's docks were hit by wildcat strikes organized by communist-dominated unions. The labor unrest quickly spread throughout the rest of the country. In response, the CIA struck a deal with the large Corsican Mafia in Marseilles. In return for CIA-supplied money and arms, Corsican gangs would break the strike. This they proceeded to do with bloody efficiency. In the ensuing weeks, a number of strikers were murdered until, finally, the dockers called it quits.

Trouble flared again in Marseilles in 1950, this time over the shipment of men and war material to Indochina, and again the CIA turned to the Mafia. Once more, the Mafia's terror squads went into operation, supplied, as always, by the CIA. Back in Washington, an Agency official wrote out a check to finance the operation with a certain sense of satisfaction. "It was my idea to give $15,000 to Irving Brown" (an AFL official), former agency hand and syndicated columnist Tom Braden recalled later. "He needed it to pay off his strong-arm squads in the Mediterranean ports so that American supplies could be unloaded against the opposition of communist dock workers."

Whatever Langley wanted, Langley got, even if, in the case of Indochina, the ends produced some highly questionable means. Throughout the '50s and into the '60s, as the U.S. involvement in Indochina deepened, CIA was increasingly hard-pressed to contain the growing communist insurgency in Southeast Asia. With only a handful of U.S. advisers on hand, and no combat troops, the CIA had to strike alliances where it could. The result was an informal tripartite pact between the Agency, the "secret armies" that fought for it and organized crime. What held the unlikely alliance together was expediency, money and heroin.

The CIA's "secret army" was actually a ragtag collection of irregulars—hill tribes in Laos and Vietnam and left over battalions of Nationalist Chinese in Burma and Thailand. As vividly documented in Albert McCoy's *The Politics of Heroin in Southeast Asia*, the agency provided its "army" with a steady infusion of money and arms, and looked the other way while commanders put their men to work cultivating and gathering opium. In Indochina, as one agent noted, opium was the coin of the realm. In the agency's view, if the job were to be done, there was no choice but to use it.

By the early '60s, CIA money was indirectly financing a vast opium industry. CIA-employed troops grew it, harvested it and shipped it out to Vientiane and Saigon aboard Air America, the CIA airline. Dozens if not hundreds of CIA operatives were enriched in the process, and few better than Vang Pao, the general of the CIA's *Armee Clandestine* that operated in Laos into the '70s.

The opium that flowed into Vientiane and Saigon was sold to the Corsican Mafia. The Corsicans turned the opium into heroin, shipped it out to Marseilles and other ports and, from there, to its final destinations—the streets of the United States. The Corsicans, allies of the Sicilian Mafia that operated in the United States, were a powerful factor in Vietnamese politics and, over the years, were courted assiduously by French intelli-

gence and, later, by the CIA.

Many CIA men worked with the Corsican Mafia, but none more closely than Lucien Conein, a CIA agent in Saigon who reportedly had a hand in the overthrow and assassination of President Ngo Dinh Diem. Conein was unreserved in his praise for the Corsicans. "They are smarter, tougher and better organized than the Sicilians," Conein told McCoy. "They are absolutely ruthless." The Corsicans, in turn, held a high regard for CIA-man Conein. When, after years of service, Conein finally left Vietnam in 1970, the Corsicans presented him with a heavy gold medallion embossed with the Napoleonic eagle and the Corsican crest, and engraved with the inscription "*Perf Tu Amicu*, Conein" (For your friendship, Conein).

In 1973, Conein, the CIA man for whom the Mafia held so much affection, was appointed Chief of Special Operations for the newly created Drug Enforcement Administration, the super agency that was supposed to clean heroin off U.S. streets.

Conein has many enemies, in and out of the Agency, but largely the animosity grows out of personal style, not Conein's methods. For, quite clearly, they are understood to be the Agency's methods. "Look," says a prominent former CIA man who operated in Latin America, "the name of this game is getting intelligence, and you go about getting it as best you can from whomever you can. When the information is good, you don't ask any questions about the people who give it to you. You are damn glad to get it. Sometimes, getting intelligence from a source leads to a source doing other things for you, and you doing other things for a source. Maybe it's not nice, but that's what happens."

It is certainly what happened in Cuba. The coming to power of Fidel Castro was a disaster not only for United States foreign policy but also organized crime. According to Frank Fiorini, a Philadelphia-born agent who worked for both Castro and the CIA before gaining unwanted notoriety in 1972 as Frank Sturgis (one of the Watergate burglars), the loss of the Havana gambling casinos represented a drop in revenue of $100,000,000 cash a year for organized crime. The Castro takeover also severely disrupted drug traffic into the United States, since Havana was the Caribbean anchor for the "French Connection." Taken together, they provided a powerful incentive for wanting Castro dead. Sturgis himself claimed in a recent interview to have been approached twice shortly after the Cuban revolution by organized crime figures wishing to enlist him as an assassin. On one occasion, according to Sturgis, Hyman Levine, a Lansky mobster and acquaintance of Sturgis, casually remarked that it "would be worth a million" to the Cosa Nostra to get rid of Castro. Later, while Castro was visiting New York, Sturgis says he was again approached, this time by an unnamed stranger who identified himself as a member of the Havana gambling mob. The stranger offered Sturgis $100,000 to assassinate Castro, with whom Sturgis was then on very good terms. Sturgis declined, but reported the conversation to CIA friends in Havana.

Coincidentally, the CIA itself had been talking of eliminating Castro since the closing days of the Eisenhower administration, and Sturgis' report may have freshened interest in the project. A mob hit, rather than an assassination by the Agency itself, would provide CIA with what was known in the trade as "plausible deniability" if, as ultimately turned out, the attempt went askew.

"Sometimes, getting intelligence from a source leads you to do things for the source. Maybe it's not nice, but that's what happens"

By early 1961, the Agency and organized crime were deep into discussions on how best to eliminate their common foe. Reports vary on how the initial contacts were made. One version has it that Norman Rothman, a syndicate figure in both Miami and Havana, was selected as the go-between. Rothman, according to the New York *Daily News*, consulted leading mafiosi, including Santo Trafficante, Jr. of Tampa, Sam Mannarino of Pittsburgh and John "Don Giovanni" Roselli of Las Vegas, about the feasibility of the project. Another story, from a source close to the FBI, identifies the contact man as a Washington attorney, himself a former agent, with several important mobsters as clients. In still another scenario, spun out by Jack Anderson, the person who made the necessary introductions was a former FBI agent and private investigator named Robert Maheu, who would later go on to become boss of Howard Hughes' Nevada empire. What the stories agree on is that after protracted discussions Roselli, the suavely vicious Mafia boss of Las Vegas, agreed to recruit a team of hit men for the CIA.

In March 1961, Roselli flew to Miami to iron out the final details of the project in separate meetings with Trafficante, whose specialty was drug traffic on the East Coast, and the CIA. Though accounts differ, the Agency apparently agreed to supply Roselli with money, weapons and transportation for the assassination attempt. Roselli himself volunteered to accompany one of the missions into Cuba.

For all the elaborate preparations, the Roselli hit men turned out to be the gang that couldn't shoot straight. The first group of assassins was successfully landed on the Cuban coast, and then simply disappeared. Another time, the landing party was driven off in a running gun battle with a Cuban patrol boat. A third time a Roselli operative tried to kill Castro with a CIA-supplied poison capsule which had been slipped into the Cuban leader's daily chocolate malted. The attempt went awry when the waiter bearing Castro the fated malt started shaking in terror and aroused Castro's suspicions.

Despite the foul-ups, the Agency remembered its friends, even years later. In 1969, shortly after Richard Nixon's inaugural, then-pending deportation proceedings against Roselli were dropped when government lawyers argued in court that Roselli had performed unspecified "valuable services to national security." Roselli was not the only beneficiary of the Agency's largesse. In 1971, Gabriel Mannarino, brother of Sam, was on trial in federal court in New York, along with a number of other Mafiosi—chief among them John Sebastion LaRocca, boss of the Pittsburgh family—for charges growing out of a union kickback scheme. When it came time for the defense to present its case, one of the star witnesses turned out to be the local head of the CIA. According to a source close to the FBI, the FBI men in the courtroom were stunned at the agent's appearance and, when court recessed for the day, physically hustled him out of the courthouse and into a waiting car. The CIA man was sped to the airport for a flight to Washington and, from there, on to Italy to "cool off," as the source puts it, until the conclusion of the trial. As it turned out, Mannarino and the other Mafiosi were acquitted.

But by far the most bizarre by-product of the Cuban caper was the burglary of comedian Dan Rowan's Las Vegas hotel room. It seems that Rowan

was becoming overly friendly with singer Phyllis McGuire, a frequent girlfriend of Chicago Mafia Boss Sam "Momo" Giancana, another of the mafiosi involved in the attempted assassination of Castro. During a Las Vegas engagement, Rowan returned to his hotel room to find two burglars rummaging through his things. He summoned hotel security men who in turn summoned the Las Vegas sheriff. After a few days in jail, the burglars informed the FBI that they had been hired by a private detective agency in Miami. The proprietor of the detective agency, in turn, told the FBI that his contract had come from the CIA. Eventually, the CIA confirmed that it had engineered the break-in as a "favor" for Giancana.

The logical question is how far such "favors" go. In the late 1950s, a then-young Senate Rackets investigator named Robert Kennedy discovered that they extended to immunity for certain Las Vegas mobsters. Kennedy, according to a recent report by two of his former aides, didn't believe it when a *Cosa Nostra* figure told him he had "immunity" from the CIA. But Kennedy checked and the mobster was right. In New York, according to a high-ranking former police official, the favors CIA bestows include "protection" for some suspected drug couriers.

The list goes on. How far it stretches, what CIA or individual agents, acting on their own, have done with or for organized crime, and what chores, in turn, *La Cosa Nostra* has done in the CIA-defined national interest, can only be guessed at. Interviews with dozens of sources, including present and former CIA and FBI men, Justice Department officials and two former attorneys general of the United States, have uncovered only fragments of detail, brief glimpses into the shadow world of intelligence and espionage. Perhaps the most significant revelation is that those who know the workings of CIA best are also the most prepared to believe the worst.

Copeland, for one, reports that, by now, the assertion of partnership with the Agency has become "a well-known trick of international crooks. They offer their respective embassies political, military or economic information, some of it very good," Copeland writes, "and when they are caught at their crimes—smuggling gold, trafficking in drugs, fighting as mercenaries or whatever—they 'confess' that their illicit behavior was only cover for intelligence activity, and therefore was patriotically motivated." Indeed, it has gotten to the point where, in the words of one federal source, "LCN [*La Cosa Nostra*] people themselves are accusing CIA of 'dumping guys' "—murdering other mobsters.

Throughout it all, there is the constant assertion, by both friends and enemies of the Agency, that, even if the worst is true, the fault lies not with CIA, but in the nature of the beast. "To understand how it works," explains Fletcher Prouty, a retired Air Force colonel who served as liaison officer between the Pentagon and CIA, "you have to think of CIA and organized crime as two huge concentric circles spread all over the world. Inevitably, in some places, the circles overlap." Only the most rabid of CIA's critics accuse the Agency of profiting from crime, and, in many ways, that is the saddest aspect of all. As a former FBI agent with long experience in organized crime work puts it: "The CIA does what they do out of love of country, not to put dollars in their pockets."

In a New York bar a few weeks ago, a former intelligence man, slightly in his cups, was reflecting on what his trade had become. "In the old days," he said quietly, "we had a code. There were certain things you did, things you had to do. But there was a line you didn't cross. But now..." his voice trailed off. Finally, with more melancholy than bitterness, he shook his head. "It's not CIA that changed. It's the country." ●

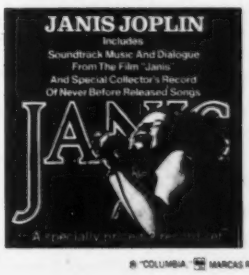
Herself. For collectors, historians and anybody who ever heard her sing: "Janis." A remembrance.

Containing the soundtrack music from the film "Janis"—songs from the albums "Pearl," "I Got Dem Ol' Kozmic Blues Again Mama!" and "Cheap Thrills," all the songs she made hers alone: "Cry Baby," "Me and Bobby McGee," "Ball and Chain," "Summertime," plus two live-in-performance cuts. Remixed with care and love by Paul Rothchild.

Plus a second record of rough tapes done in Texas and San Francisco, from 1963 to 1965, when she was learning how to sing the blues and not just have them.

Also includes highlights of her 1970 TV appearance and her tenth-year high school reunion; and sixteen pages of photographs.

"Janis." One of a kind.
On Columbia Records and Tapes.



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Traveling with *The Passenger*

Los Angeles, Calif.—"Everywhere I go, I want to shoot something. Fortunately," jokes Michelangelo Antonioni, "I never shoot anything." It is his one laugh of the afternoon, and, looking around the Jose Ferrer Suite at the Beverly Wilshire, where shag has made an uncomfortable truce with crushed velour, he makes the most of it, flopping back onto the iridescent couch.

There are a number of things wrong with this scene.

Antonioni, for one, looking surprisingly like a hip dentist in military-style shirt, Italian jeans and a belt with what passes in Los Angeles for an understated hunk of turquoise. The interviewer, for another, who could not help but blurt out upon entering how, five years earlier, he had tried to get the lead in *Zabriskie Point* in the hope that Antonioni, an unlikely *deus ex machina*, would rescue him from graduate school. And always the room, an oppressive and elitist torture chamber. Relating to anyone in this environment would be a challenge; with Antonioni, who has reluctantly returned to Hollywood to promote *The Passenger*, even a briefly sustained conversation of inanities would seem like a major accomplishment.

For Antonioni has only barely reconciled himself to Hollywood. He equivocated a month before accepting MGM's request for an American publicity tour; after being hooted out of the country for *Zabriskie Point*, he wanted to see if the reviews for the equally improbable *Passenger* were favorable before he committed himself. Now that it is a critical and, in its modest way, a commercial success, he is cautiously pleased to ride the crest of an Antonioni revival so long as we understand it is not for his personal celebrity, which is cheap and which he does not crave. "I never think of these things," he says testily. "I don't know how. Everyone tries to be commercial. Some succeed. I can't predict it. The public, it is a mystery to me." Then softer: "I am so surprised, you can't believe how much."

He is also irritable, somewhat like the witch doctor in his movie who tells a

David and Michelangelo: real amusement.

too-persistent Jack Nicholson, "There are perfectly satisfactory answers to your questions but I don't think you realize how little you can learn from them." He is a trifle bored with the questions he has already not answered a hundred times—"whatever you think" is his most frequent response to queries about the meaning and symbolism of his films. "I don't know why this film is a success," he says wearily. "Right now I have several ideas for new films, I am trying to see what to do with them, or even if they are any good."

Antonioni has, the day before, suffered through a brunch of Hollywood All-Stars: screenwriter Bob Towne, agent Sue Mengers, rock czar David Geffen and Princess Diane von Furstenberg (who sent him a note: "You are a genius!"). His last interviewer walked in with six pages of questions, some of which seemed to suggest he thought Antonioni had directed some of Fellini's films. So, wham—Antonioni has just canceled the next afternoon's session with the kids at the American Film Institute; no matter if they've read every available monograph plus Godard's interview, he's not going to sit still for that charming auteur massage when it advances nothing. "I don't like nostalgia," he explains. "I don't like to look back, only forward."

And meanwhile, throughout the day, the people who, a month ago, would have been caustically amused to see his name on their call-back lists are now earnestly trying to snare him into dinner, drinks, whatever the master desires. Billy

Friedkin? United Artists President Mike Medavoy? Sorry, but Antonioni is booked already. "I don't belong to this milieu," Antonioni protests. "I am just an outsider, an intruder."

But the very next day, there is a party in his honor at the castle of the American Film Institute, not for the students, but for selected industry heavies. Donald Sutherland, the ubiquitous Viva, Gordon Parks, Hal Ashby, Roger Corman, Sally Kellerman, Jon Voight, Michael York, Hope Lange, William Wyler—that kind of crowd. Antonioni moves easily around the statue of shrimp and crab.

Peter Yates, last remembered for the Barbra Steisand turkey, *For Pete's Sake*, asks to be introduced—"as a fellow director"—and is received by Antonioni without condescension. Jack Nicholson blows in wearing his patented gray-and-white pinstripe suit from *Chinatown*. Antonioni repeatedly calls the prime freak of rock "Bow-eee" with genuine amusement.

For a few minutes, though, the swirl about Antonioni leaves him alone while around him people hustle their own careers, their own deals. It seems for a moment that the entire event has nothing to do with the man who gave us *L'Avventura, La Notte, L'Eclisse, Red Desert* and *Blow-Up*, the only feature filmmaker to present events in real time, with that maddening insistence on the ways time reduces our emotional capacity to unfeeling routine. Antonioni seems trapped in one of his own moments.

Just then a drunk comes over to congratulate Antonioni on *The Passenger*'s success: what a great comeback it must be for you, he says. Antonioni looks somewhat puzzled. He wasn't aware that he had ever been away.

—Jesse Kornbluth

KKKnavery

Windham Center, Pa.—They lit their torches and formed a circle around the kerosene-soaked, burlap-wrapped wooden cross. They walked around the circle and began to follow the chant of their leader: "Remember who died on that cross. The cross is a constant reminder of Christ, whose teachings are our rule of life."

The group circled the cross three times. They stopped each time to lower their torches toward the cross and say: "For God, for country, for family." Then they walked up to the cross and set it afire as one member shouted, "All power to the white race."

The Independent Knights of the Ku Klux Klan of York, Pennsylvania were offering a chilling tribute to racism and bigotry.

Four hours earlier the dozen or so men and women of the Klan order had donned their customary robes and hoods. Deputy Klan Kleagle William Danner cleared a small area in the pasture and built a bonfire to warm the 50 spectators. There were two hours of recorded music, songs sung by Hank Williams and the Mormon Tabernacle Choir, that echoed through the valley of this north-central Pennsylvania village of 500 people.

Imperial Wizard Albert P. Lentz welcomed everyone to the rally. Then Lentz put on his hood, adding a foot to his six-foot frame, led the crowd in the Lord's Prayer and launched into his attacks on the black race, social programs, big government, high taxes, low pay for the working man, politicians. . . . He had high praise for the white people of South Boston who were fighting desegregation.

"Birth control is a plot to cut down the number of white people in America," Lentz said. "Abortion and population control reduce the white population, but don't control the blacks or the Jews."

Lentz, who dropped out of school in the seventh grade and is a manual laborer, urged total racial segregation. "I think people of different races can work together, but that doesn't say you have to socialize after work," said Lentz. "It's wrong to do so.

"The Good Lord put us on this Earth the way He wanted us to be. If He'd wanted us to be mongrels He would have made us mongrels from the start.

"Government forced the integration issue," he said. "It forced it right down our throats. And I feel that the government's efforts, such as civil rights and school integration, are an infringement on my and every white's constitutional rights."

The other Klan members cheered and most of the audience clapped to keep warm.

Another man, whom Lentz said he didn't know, led the crowd in a chant:

"Who drives Cadillacs?"

"Niggers."

"Who sells Cadillacs?"

"Jews."

"And who makes Cadillacs?"

"Catholics."

Lentz mounted the stage again and read from a Klan booklet.

"The Knights of the Ku Klux Klan is not the enemy of the Negro. There are rights which the Negro race and all colored races have as citizens of this country which the white race—the ruling race—is bound to respect, but they must not, individually or collectively, lose sight of the fact that the white race is the ruling race and it does not intend to surrender this right or to compromise it with any other race—black, yellow or brown."

PHOTOGRAPH BY CURTIS ACKERMAN

"By the fire of Calvary's cross, we mean to purify and cleanse our virtues . . ."

Then the finale, the cross-burning. Lentz explained why the cross is burned.

"We have added fire as one of our symbols of sacrifice and service," he said. "It signifies that Christ is the light of the world. By the fire of Calvary's cross, we mean to purify and cleanse our virtues by burning out our vices by the fire of His sword. Fellow Klansmen, pick up your torches."

The cross burned for about fifteen minutes. Finally the crowd melted away. A full moon hung over the tiny village in north-central Pennsylvania as Lentz began to clean up.

—Curtis Ackerman

PINE RIDGE RESERVATION,
SOUTH DAKOTA

Burying still at Wounded Knee

Two years later, the battle goes on between the U.S. and the Oglala Sioux, only now it's a civil war

By Cheryl McCall

On a flat piece of ground, just west of Wounded Knee Creek, a forlorn band of Sioux Indians had set up an encampment, planting a white flag in the center as a sign of their peaceful intentions. Surrounding the camp were the guards, 500 soldiers and scouts of the 7th Cavalry, ready to enforce the U.S. government's final disposition of the Indians. The Great Plains wars were over—except, of course, for that one last bloodbath.

The next day, a bitter cold December morning in 1890, Wounded Knee became the Indians' symbol of the white man's justice. Provoked by one young warrior's rebellion, the soldiers became butchers and the Sioux were slaughtered by the scores, left to freeze into grotesque postures in the snow. An ending that was only a beginning.

In February 1972, Raymond Yellow Thunder, from South Dakota's Pine Ridge Reservation village of Porcupine, was kidnapped by two white men about 25 miles south of Wounded Knee Creek. Yellow Thunder was hogtied and beaten, thrown naked into the midst of an American Legion dance, beaten yet again and stuffed into a car trunk. His broken body was found two days later. Outraged and fearful, Yellow Thunder's family and the Reservation chiefs asked the American Indian Movement (AIM) to investigate his death. A militant national organization founded in 1968, AIM had been effectively fighting for Indian control of federal aid programs and a return to pride in traditional Indian values.

One year later, a white gas station attendant, Darald Schmidtz, killed John Wesley Bad Heart Bull in full view of four Indian witnesses. When Schmidtz was charged with second-degree manslaughter rather than murder, AIM decided to act. On February 27, 1973, a caravan of 200 Indians took over the village of Wounded Knee.

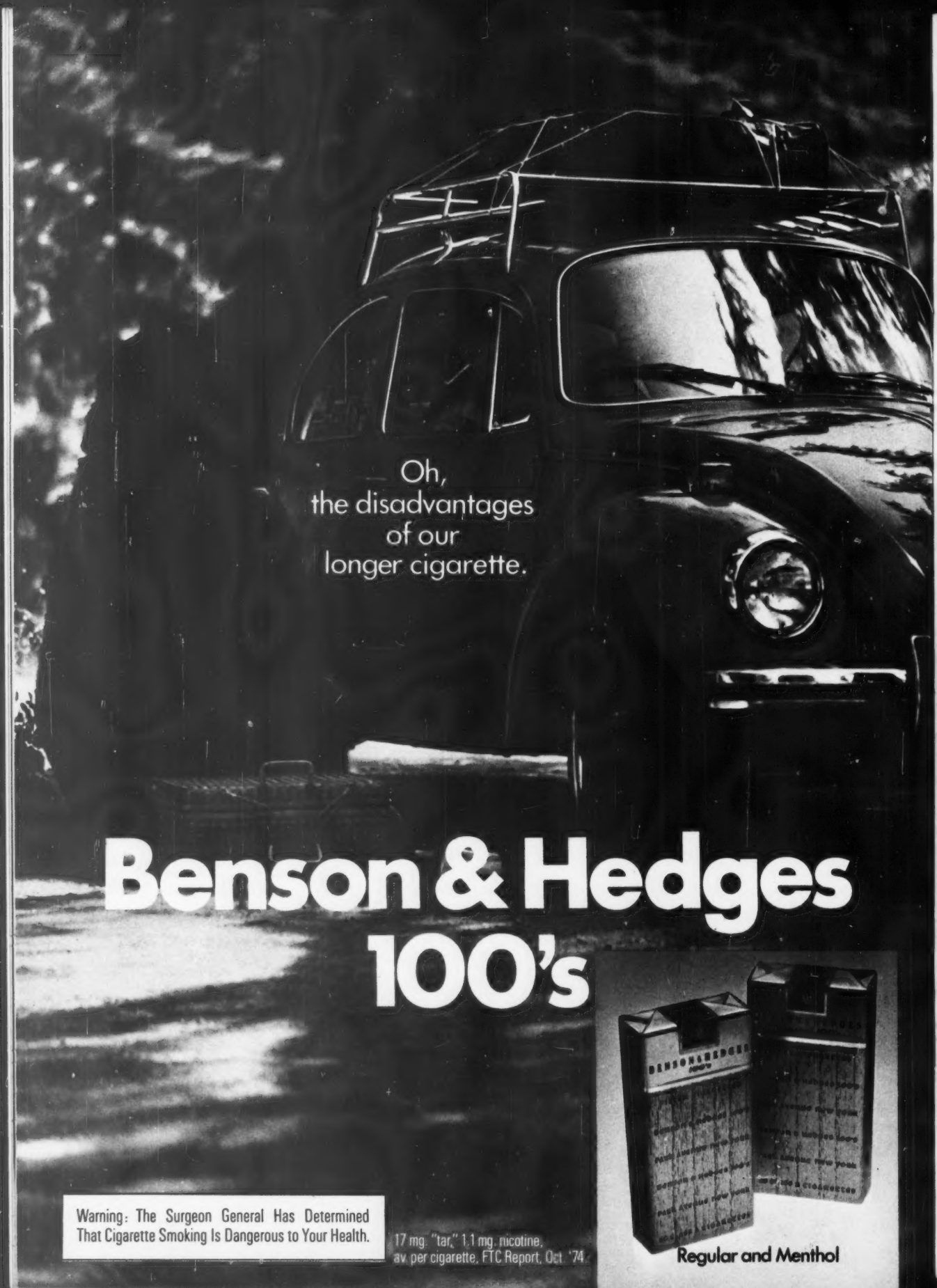
The government quickly surrounded Wounded Knee with hundreds of federal marshals, FBI agents and two divisions of the U.S. military—all disguised in civilian dress under direct orders from Nixon. Also shipped in, ostensibly for the "local" authorities, were a Phantom jet, three helicopters, 120 sniper rifles, 400,000 rounds of M-16 ammunition, 16 armored personnel carriers, 20 grenade launchers and other miscellaneous hardware. Defiantly, AIM leader Russell Means challenged the U.S. to "massacre us or deal with us" but the Nixon administration was too wily to be drawn into a public confrontation with the Indians.

The siege of Wounded Knee lasted 71 bitter days, ending on May 8 with two Indians dead, many wounded and AIM crippled by hundreds of costly federal lawsuits. The troops had pulled out, leaving the appalling economic and social conditions on the Reservation unchanged, but the battle of Wounded Knee was hardly over. In an all-too-familiar pattern, the government's next move was to covertly supply AIM's antagonist—the conservative tribal council—with money and 23 FBI informants to break the back of the American Indian Movement. The strategy was simple: get the Indians to kill each other.

What began two years ago as internecine conflict on the Pine Ridge Reservation has now intensified into an outright civil war, leaving no neutral ground. On the one side is Russell Means and AIM, representing poor, mostly full-blooded Indians, and on the other is the federally supported tribal council President Dick Wilson and his well-equipped police, known locally as the "goon squad."

At sunset on a wintry mid-March day of this year, shots rang out between two passing cars in the Manderson housing area. In the attack, AIM member Jerry Bear Shield allegedly killed William Josh Steele, a goon squad supporter. A

Russell Means (left) and Dick Wilson have inherited Sitting Bull's bleeding legacy.


Oh,
the disadvantages
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longer cigarette.
Benson & Hedges
100's
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.
17 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report, Oct. '74.
Regular and Menthol

week later, March 21, 1975, several men burst into a house, wounding Bear Shield with a shot in the throat and killing his friend Stacey Cortier.

Not even death rites are immune in this fostered civil war. On her way home from Cortier's wake a few days later, Jeanette Marie Bissonette was shot and killed at midnight by a high-powered rifle along the deserted stretch of road between Oglala and Pine Ridge villages. The bullet hit the rear of her station wagon, traveled through two seats and slammed into her back. Jeanette's mother-in-law, Gladys Bissonette, returned from *that* funeral to find her grandson dead, accidentally shot while playing with her .22 in the bedroom. (More than a year before, Gladys' son Pedro, a key Wounded Knee defendant, had been shot to death by two Bureau of Indian Affairs policemen.)

Also in late March, Edith Eagle Hawk, a prime defense witness for Bear Shield, was killed when her pickup was repeatedly rammed by a truck driven by Albert Coomes, a white vigilante rancher. Four-month-old Linda Eagle Hawk and three-year-old Earl Janis died in the crash, as did Coomes, who lost control of his truck.

Of the 26 murders in the state of South Dakota last year, 23 were committed on the Reservation, prompting the attorney general, William Janklow, to declare that it was safer to live in Phnom Penh than in Pine Ridge. And the statistics don't include such casualties as Mary Ann Little Bear, age 8, whose eye was shot out when her home was hit by gunfire last year. So far in 1975, Pine Ridge leads the nation in murders per capita. Recalling Vietnam body counts, all victims on the Reservation—accidental and otherwise—are immediately categorized as either AIM or goon. In the unofficial tallying process, the two Bissonettes, Cortier, the two Eagle Hawks and Janis were AIM deaths. Steele and Coomes were goon fatalities. The score remains consistently uneven; only four known goons have been killed.

Bloodline equals political persuasion at Pine Ridge and discrimination by blood quantum is at the root of the fighting. Full bloods are usually traditional Indians who have eschewed the white life style of the more modern half-breeds. While the full bloods subsist on $800 a year mean income, tribal President Wilson and his mixed blood supporters (the so-called "apples"—red on the outside, white on the inside) flourish in their sinecures and grow fat on federally funded salaries. If the tribe's $23 million in federal monies were divided equally, the average family income would be $11,000 annually.

Resting in the shadows of the sacred Black Hills, the Pine Ridge Reservation's three million acres are a vast, overgrazed, barren expanse broken only by erosion and the desolate beauty of the Badlands. The plains, once commanded by Black Elk, Crazy Horse and Sitting Bull, are swept by winter blizzards that leave cattle frozen and buried in their tracks. Arid summers, with temperatures as high as 115 degrees, dehydrate the remaining livestock. Timber is sparse and stunted; vegetable patches are choked by drought and raiding insects. The average full-blooded Indian dies at 42.

Crazy Horse had said, "One does not sell the earth upon which the people walk," but 4,000 white ranchers now own one million acres of the Reservation. The Sioux tribal government controls another half-million, and the remaining 1.5 million are still owned by the 12,000 Oglala Sioux. Yet land titles can be misleading. Most of the Sioux, 83 percent, cannot afford to work their own land and have been forced to lease their acreage. Lease prices are fixed by the U.S. Bureau of Indian Affairs, with white ranchers in the best position to rent.

Bloodline equals political persuasion at Pine Ridge

A strange miscegenation of sorry dwellings squat on these prairies and the tiny settlements are scattered from 50 to 100 miles apart. Backed by Wilson's one-man tribal rule, outside contractors have erected clots of jerry-built homes financed by the federal HUD (Housing and Urban Development) "cluster-housing" program. These new, centralized villages—what one Indian called "instant ghetto jazz"—are forcing the Sioux off the land and into easily contained areas. The HUD houses are shoddy at the price, but for those living in one- and two-room shacks, plumbing and electricity are highly valued amenities. Most mixed bloods live in the HUD homes, while nearly three-quarters of the shacks belong to full-blooded Indians.

Since the mixed bloods also hold the majority of elected offices, they control more than federal aid—itself a potent weapon in a world of subsistence living. Wilson's tribal council administrates the Reservation's criminal justice system and has appointed six judges, with no requirement of legal training. Predictably, those with half or more Indian blood account for 90 percent of all arrests on the Reservation. As president of the council, Dick Wilson is answerable only to the federally administered Bureau of Indian Affairs (BIA), whose policies have always been geared to assimilating Indians into mainstream America.

A mixed-breed Sioux who grew up on the Pine Ridge Reservation, Wilson looks uneasily like the stereotyped redneck sheriff, with powerfully muscled arms and the obligatory belly overhanging his belt. In the spring of 1972, Wilson was first elected tribal president in a campaign rife with allegations of intimidation, bribes of high-paying jobs, payoffs from federal housing programs and illegal liquor dealing. Since then, Wilson has used his broadly defined powers to secure his reign and to organize the goon squad, a small army consisting of three distinct police groups on the Reservation.

The Rangers, including Wilson's son Manny, were financed by a federal grant and allegedly equipped with .357 Magnums last spring for the supposed purpose of handling wildlife on the Reservation. Formed shortly afterward with a grant from the Department of Transportation, the Highway Safety Program was organized by Wilson minion Duane Brewer, a former BIA policeman. The highway patrol members are paid $12,000 a year. Wilson also commands about half of the federal BIA police, an officially neutral force but one that has been split into AIM and goon factions.

Albert Trimble, the first Indian to be appointed BIA superintendent at Pine Ridge, has known the tribal president since childhood. "If you're a friend of Dick Wilson's," he says, "you can do anything. Wilson is kept afloat by a class of people who will benefit by the continuation of his policies and they're willing to pay a price. Like the price of getting him elected, a price to give him a style of living so that he doesn't have to spend practically any time on the Reservation at all. He stays in the Holiday Inn in Rapid City almost every weekend and draws $50 per diem from the tribe to do it."

In the last election in February 1974, AIM leader Russell Means challenged Wilson's rule and came within 200 votes of ousting him. Considering that Means was then on trial in St. Paul, Minn., for his part in the previous spring's

Cheryl McCall is a member of Writers West and reported this piece with the help of a grant from the Fund for Investigative Journalism.

Wounded Knee takeover, the close vote was all the more significant.

After the election, people associated with the Means campaign lost their jobs and Wilson allegedly ordered "all 1,500 people who voted for Means off my Reservation." AIM charged that Wilson had won by fraud and Means challenged the election in federal court. Investigators for the U.S. Civil Rights Commission found 18 counts of fraudulent practices. Of the 3,228 votes cast, the Commission estimated that 1,000 were probably invalid. Despite these findings, Wilson continues as president, since a special election must be approved by the tribal council. And Dick Wilson *is* the tribal council.

More and more Indians are turning to AIM for support and, with a wide political base on the Reservation, the movement has emerged as the single threat to Wilson's stranglehold. A June 1974 BIA report pointed out that "most of the population do not wish to fall into either political camp, but through various events are being forced into one or the other." They have no choice.

Last September, after all the Wounded Knee charges against Russell Means had been dismissed due to government wiretaps and other illegalities, he returned home to the Pine Ridge Reservation. Wilson was none too pleased about the victory dance planned for Means' homecoming, and he threatened to disrupt it. AIM's celebration went off without incident when Superintendent Trimble provided selected non-goon BIA police to protect the party. In the us-and-them world of Pine Ridge, that act automatically pushed the neutral Trimble over to the AIM side of the civil war.

By March of this year, Wilson had managed to get Trimble "reassigned" to a BIA office 400 miles from Pine Ridge. Wilson said that he opposed Trimble because "he had allowed them Indians to hold a victory dance for AIM. It took some time and it took some doing," Wilson said, "but I finally got him out." As superintendent, Trimble had repeatedly fought for the rights of traditional full bloods. "I grew up on this Reservation," he said, "and I know the Wilson background. His dad was a bootlegger. He's been a bootlegger himself. Anybody who knows Dick Wilson's history knows that sooner or later, you're going to come up at odds with some of his designs. I had no illusions when I came here," said Trimble, "but I thought I could stand up to it."

Since the October AIM celebration, tension has been mounting steadily on the Reservation.

On an early Sunday afternoon last fall, five members of a Pine Ridge family were fired upon by Jess Trueblood, an off-duty BIA cop who had a high-powered .30 caliber rifle. The Chester Stone family was sitting on the front porch when they spotted Trueblood driving toward the house. He stopped thirty yards away and opened fire as the family fled into the house. Wounded in the barrage were Stone, 57, in the abdomen and arm; his wife Bernice, 50, in the arm; his stepdaughter Debbie Mosseau, 20, in the left arm and below the left eye; her son John Joseph Mousseau, 2, in the left thumb and elbow and Louis Tyon, 29, in the right knee.

Trueblood allegedly initiated the shooting spree because Stone, a paint contractor, had hired a known AIM member—and Stone had been warned several times by the goon squad that his preference for AIM workers would not be tolerated.

Only 12 minutes after the Stone family arrived at the Pine Ridge Hospital, Trueblood's body was brought in with a bullet hole in the back of his head. The Stones had fired three shots at Trueblood's car as he sped away, but the FBI later determined that Trueblood had been killed with his own gun by someone inside the car.

"Federal and state officials have launched a coordinated campaign to destroy AIM"

The week's statistics were one dead goon and five wounded AIM members, including the two-year-old whose left arm was permanently damaged and will always be shorter than his right.

On February 26, 1975, an AIM caravan arrived at the Pine Ridge courthouse with all the grace of a stampede. It had been planned that way. Dick Marshall was scheduled for trial on a charge of disorderly conduct and had brought along 25 AIM supporters, including Russell Means, to insure that Marshall left alive.

But when they entered the double trailer that serves as tribal courthouse, Judge "Red" Tribbitts announced a postponement of the trial. Angry that they had not been notified, Marshall and Means demanded to see the court records and a heated shouting match erupted. A court employee, Mrs. Duane Brewer, slipped across the street during the verbal melee to call her husband, head of Wilson's Highway Safety Program. Within minutes, Brewer had rounded up at least 30 members of the goon squad. A messenger was sent to the tribal council meeting to let Wilson know that AIM was in town and "causing trouble."

When AIM emerged from the courthouse, they ran headlong into the goons. The non-goon BIA police, anticipating the violent clash, quickly left and barricaded themselves in the police station next door. Brewer briefly engaged in fisticuffs with Russell Means in front of the courthouse, but a Samoan Latter-day Saints missionary, Mari Kingi, stepped in and broke up the fight.

Then the 25 AIM members piled back into their cars and left town going east, with Brewer and his crew in pursuit. Only two minutes from the courthouse, the caravans exchanged gunfire. Brewers 1975 Chevy Impala got the worst of it. AIM sped away while the goon squad regrouped. Back at the courthouse, Brewer cornered Mari Kingi in his car and punched him, blackening the missionary's eye and breaking his nose.

An hour later, a late-model green convertible drove up to the Pine Ridge airport. AIM attorney Roger Finzel was driving, and the others in the car were Bernard Escamilla, a defendant in the Wounded Knee trials, his attorney William Rossmore, legal worker Kathi James, attorney Martha Copelman and a Wounded Knee Legal Defense/Offense Committee Worker, Eda Gordon. The legal team was returning to the rented Cessna they'd left at the airport two hours earlier.

After driving through the gate, they got out and walked up to the Cessna, suddenly noticing that in their absence the plane had been punctured by 18 bullet holes. They raced back to the convertible, locking the doors and rolling up the windows, then headed for the gate. But there, they were blocked and ambushed by 15 goon vehicles. At least 30 men, some brandishing shotguns and knives, surrounded their car.

The legal team was ordered from the convertible at gunpoint. Attorney Finzel asked the goons to fetch Wilson—"There must be some mistake," Finzel said. In seconds, Wilson appeared beside the car.

"What do you want us to do with them," one goon asked. "I want you to stomp them," Wilson shouted.

Immediately the windows were smashed with gun butts and the convertible top was sliced by knives. Four of the occupants were dragged from the car. Escamilla was pinned behind the wheel and Duane Brewer began pounding on his head with doubled fists. Another goon, Woody Richards, knocked Finzel to the ground. Eda Gordon was cradled over Finzel, trying to protect him from repeated kicks to his head and stomach. Richards grabbed Finzel's long blond hair and tried to pull him up while Gordon clung to him in a desperate tug of war. Suddenly Richards pulled out a knife and made a stab at Finzel's face, but Eda Gordon's protective hand took the blow. At the same time, Rossmore, wearing a suit and carrying a briefcase, ran wildly around the airstrip pursued by an angry goon intent on pummeling him. Wilson, dressed in a white shirt and blue windbreaker, stood watching the action twenty feet away.

It was 3:30 and school was out. A long line of cars and schoolbuses stood paralyzed on the road, blocked by the goon squad's vehicles. Among the spectators were Walter Gallacher, an English teacher at Lakota College Center in Pine Ridge, and his friend Jean Condle, a potter from the Kyle district of the Reservation. When they saw the tangle of vehicles splayed across the road, they assumed there had been an accident.

They watched as the legal team was herded and shoved back into the car. Brewer again began to pound on Escamilla's head, shouting "Go." Each time Escamilla hit the gas pedal, Brewer would pound some more and shout "Stop." After a few minutes of this, Escamilla gunned the car and took off, heading west out of Pine Ridge toward Rapid City.

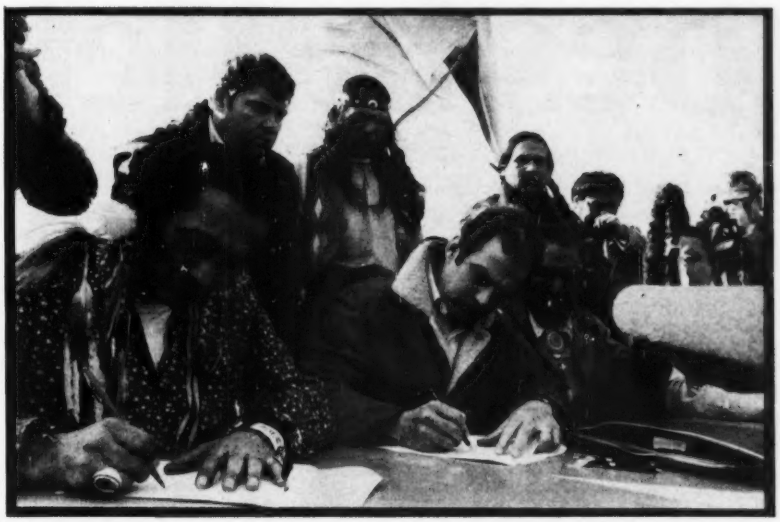
Shaken by what they had witnessed, Gallacher and Condle followed the battered convertible until it was beyond the city limits and then drove to the college center where Gallacher reported the incident to police. "Of all the people there, I was the only one who bothered to report it," Gallacher said. "The others haven't come forward because they're afraid of reprisals, of getting beaten up."

Three days later, on March 1 and 2, 17 members of AIM were arrested in a three-state dragnet over a 24-hour period. Local police were helped considerably by information provided by one Douglas Durham, ironically, AIM's chief of security. A week after the arrests, confronted by AIM attorneys (who will not reveal how they uncovered his role), Durham publicly confessed that he had been a paid FBI informant since 1973, when he first joined AIM. The FBI had instructed him to pass along any information about foreign influence in AIM, the travel routes and schedules of AIM leaders and the defense strategies planned by AIM in the Wounded Knee trials. Upon his release from the hospital, AIM attorney Roger Finzel charged that "federal and state officials have launched a coordinated campaign to discredit and destroy the American Indian Movement."

The 17 AIM members were charged with a battery of crimes ranging from murder to criminal syndicalism, an antique charge used to convict Eugene Debs in 1918. Russell Means and Dick Marshall were charged with first-degree murder for the death of a Wilson supporter, Martin Montileaux. Montileaux had been shot in the Longhorn Saloon restroom, a few miles from the Reservation, two days after the airport beatings. Means and Marshall admit that they stopped by the saloon to use the restroom but they deny shooting Montileaux and AIM insists that circumstantial evidence is being used to frame the two men. (Marlon Brando recently raised $50,000 from various sources to free them on bond.)

While Means and Marshall were in Pennington County Jail, a group of AIM women, nicknamed the "Pie Patrol," took over the FBI offices in Rapid City, brandishing a sheaf of affidavits with complaints against Wilson. As a result of that takeover, a 23-member U.S. grand jury was convened to investigate the women's allegations and the airport beatings.

Before disbanding on April 28, the grand jury produced 19 indictments. Dick Wilson and Duane Brewer face misdemeanor charges carrying a maximum penalty of a $500 fine and six months in jail. In contrast, four AIM members were arrested after their indictments for assault with dangerous weapons—a charge stemming from the gunfire directed against Brewer's Impala during the airport incident. They face up to five years in jail.



After Wounded Knee, Russell Means (left) and Asst. Attorney General Kent Frizzell sign yet another treaty between the U.S. and the Sioux nation in April 1973.

Wilson and his goons have won the majority of the battles while the ranks of AIM have been decimated by unsolved murders, "accidents," arrests and trials. (Seven more AIM deaths have occurred since the beatings at the airport in February.) If convicted on the misdemeanor charges, Wilson would not be barred from holding tribal office, though he cannot yet claim final victory. Increased pressure from AIM may help insure an unbiased election in December. The vicious hatreds and injustices spawned by Wounded Knee and by the very conditions that provoked the takeover in the first place are beginning to spill over the Reservation's borders. If the bloodshed, already out of control, goes on long enough and if the victims' outcry gets loud enough, the federal government may be forced into reconsidering its support of Dick Wilson. After all, the U.S. has a few recent precedents for withdrawing the props of puppet dictators.

But even without Wilson, the Pine Ridge Reservation would not be peaceful, by any means. At this stage the rift between the traditional full bloods and the modern mixed breeds is too wide, the bitterness too deep, the inequities too immense. The civil war continues. Russell Means' ringing demand that the U.S. "massacre or deal" has finally prompted action: the government seems to be killing the Indians, one by one. ●

Pop goes ballet

The frontier spirit has invaded the genteel world of dance, making American choreographers its undisputed rulers

By Barbara Rowes

Seventy-five years ago, Isadora Duncan became so distraught by the provincialism of American dance culture that she left for London as quickly as possible—aboard a cattle boat. On a visit sometime later, she said, "I would rather live in Russia on black bread and vodka than here in the best hotels." For the next five decades, Duncan's judgment prevailed. American dancers studied in Europe, performed in Europe and forswore their native wasteland. But in the last 10 years, instead of American dancers rushing off to Europe, the Europeans, and even more significantly, the Russians, have begun arriving in the U.S.

American pop culture has undergone an extraordinary metamorphosis during the last 50 years. Beginning with Hollywood films in the 1920s, this culture subsequently developed musical comedy, the paperback novel, pop art and pop music. Dance, the most tradition-bound and elitist of the arts, was the last stronghold of classical form, but now it occupies prime time in the mass market. "Dance is the single most popular art form in the country," declares Edward Villella, a member of the President's National Council of the Arts and the foremost American male dancer. "In the last five years or so, it's grown by about 600 percent."

Nothing better symbolizes America's new power as the international capital of the dance than the steady influx of leading Russian dancers. Until recently, the Soviet Union's Bolshoi and Leningrad-Kirov companies were the undisputed showcases of ballet's exacting art. In 1961, however, Rudolf Nureyev rebelled against the rigid traditions of Russian classical ballet and defected to the West—sending shock waves throughout the dance world. Nureyev's success undoubtedly encouraged the increasing defections of other Russian superstars.

"Why did I choose to make this leap into the West?" repeats Natalia Makarova, the former prima ballerina of the Leningrad-Kirov Ballet who defected in 1970 to join the American Ballet Theater. "The simple answer is: Because I wanted to be free—free to dance as I please, free to develop my art, free to work with whom I want to work, free to make the maximum use of all the talents nature has provided me with. . . ." The ballerina, who has just joined the Royal Ballet of London as permanent guest artist, said, "In the Soviet Union, there is no experimenting with new styles, new techniques, new choreography, such as there is in the West."

Makarova is recognized as one of the great lyric ballerinas of all time. (American audiences gave her 17 curtain calls when she first performed in *Swan Lake* with ABT after her defection.) If Makarova alone had left Russia, this culture would have had a definite edge upon any other in the world. But the very year of her escape, Alexander Filipov, a principal with Moiseyev's Young Classical Ballet, also defected from Russia to join the American Ballet Theater, although he eventually settled with the San Francisco Ballet. Then four years later, in 1974, Valery Panov and his fair-haired wife Galina Ragozina, superstar and soloist respectively with the Leningrad-Kirov Ballet, won a two-year life and death struggle to emigrate to Israel. They have spent much of their time performing in the United States and Europe.

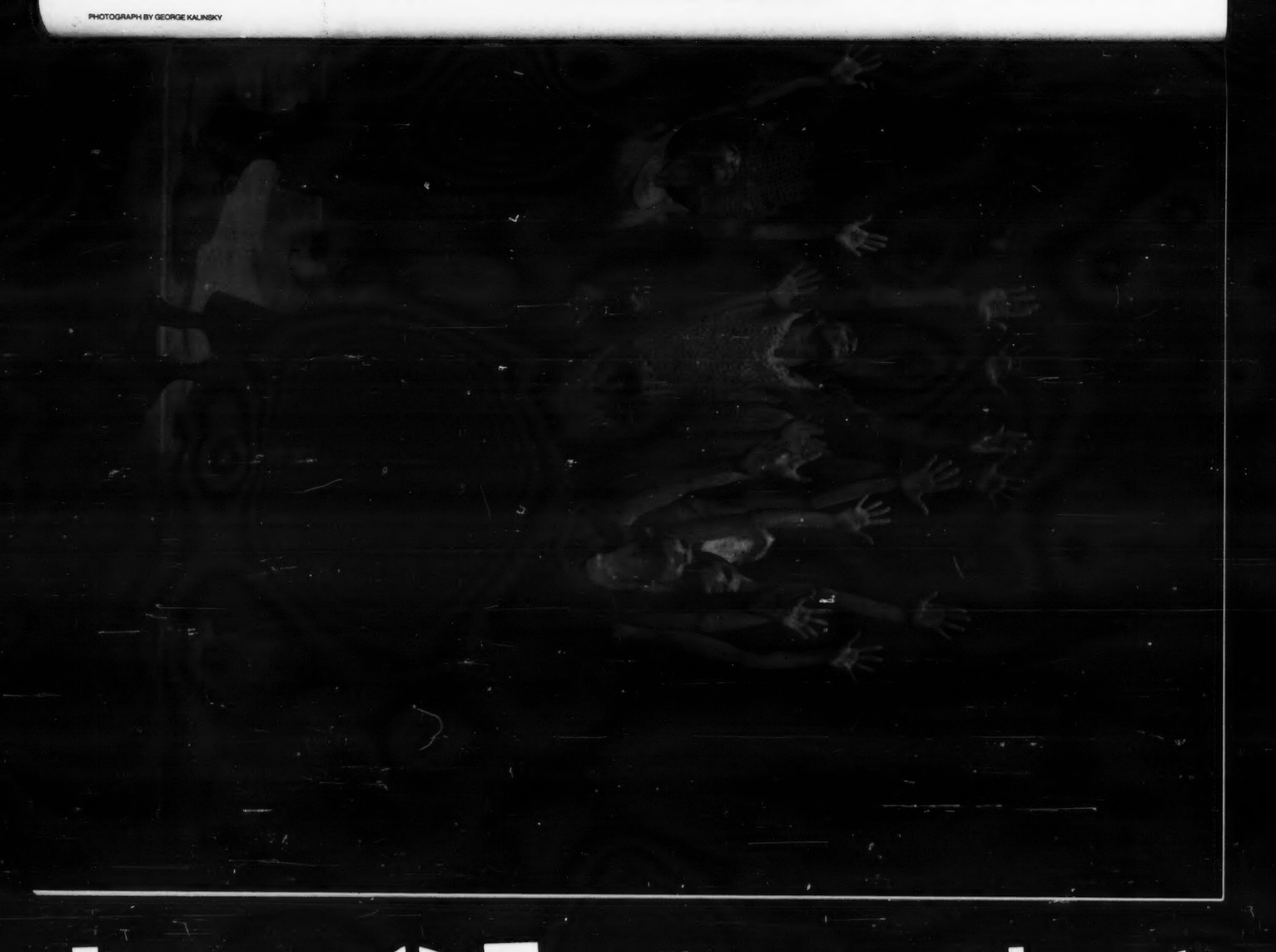
Only two months after the Panovs' flight, Mikhail Baryshnikov defected in Ottawa, Canada. This was the harshest blow yet to Russian classical ballet, since 26-year-old Baryshnikov was in a class by himself in the Leningrad-Kirov Ballet. In Russia, he was compared to the genius of

A former dance critic for the L.A. Times, Barbara Rowes is currently in New York freelancing as a music and dance critic and working on a book about women and money.

A scene from the Ailey company's *Revelations*.

PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE KALINSKY

PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE KALINSKY



NEW YORK CITY BALLET

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALAN BERGMAN

Choreographer George Balanchine (left), and a scene from his work, *Apollo*, with Jacques D'Ambroise and Kay Mazzo.

Nijinsky. In the West, he is second only to Nureyev, and his presence in the American Ballet Theater, along with Makarova, has tilted the balance of cultural power in favor of the United States. Echoing Makarova's reasons for defecting, Baryshnikov said, "I became demoralized [in Russia]. I felt that working within the system was slowly killing my talent. I longed to dance in the works of the great Western choreographers—Jerome Robbins, Antony Tudor, George Balanchine"—all of whom are choreographing in the U.S. "I wanted to try new styles of dance. I could no longer do so at the Kirov. More and more I realized how short is a dancer's life!"

The West's professional attraction for dancers is choreographic. Never have so many creative geniuses in the dance contributed so much to one culture at one time. And the pioneer, of course, was Isadora Duncan. Her theory of "free dance" attacked the restricted movement of classical ballet and proclaimed the beauty of the human body. "Nudity is truth, it is beauty, it is art," she often shouted at her audiences, dramatically ripping her tunic and baring her breast. Duncan introduced a body awareness into performance that was at once athletic and sensual, anticipating the sexual revolution of the 1960s.

It was a West Coast movement from the start. Duncan herself was a native of San Francisco, and the leading exponents of her theories also hailed from the West. Martha Graham was born in Pennsylvania but, during her teenage years, moved with her family to Santa Barbara; Merce Cunningham and Robert Joffrey were reared in Seattle; Alvin Ailey, born in Texas, migrated to Los Angeles during his teenage years and Twyla Tharp, born in Indiana, grew up in San Bernadino. Although each of these choreographers is thoroughly individual in design, they share the open, unsettled and athletic spirit of their West Coast upbringing. "The only thing we really ever saw was the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo which performed three or four days a year," Robert Joffrey recalled of his early training. "Occasionally Ballet Theater danced their ham and eggs repertoire for a night. But Seattle wasn't ready for their experimental ballets. Consequently, we relied upon our experience and environment for inspiration. The West Coast mentality was all we knew."

Duncan's theory of "free dance" proclaimed the beauty of the human body and anticipated the 1960s sexual revolution

While it was inevitable that the uniquely American experiences of a sweeping spatial landscape and a melting-pot ethic would provide revolutionary influences in dance form, it still took a classically trained Russian—albeit a rebellious one—to import ballet into this country. George Balanchine, the father of American dance, defected in 1924—with much less fanfare than Nureyev and Baryshnikov. "At the time, I was a hippie because I was the first person [in the Russian Imperial School of Ballet] who had long hair," he recalls. "But when I went to school, they shaved me. It was a disaster; they called me 'rat.' I ran away from school, and I didn't want to go back."

Instead, Balanchine went to Paris where he stripped classical ballerinas of their tutus and recreated their image in black leotards and tights. "A dancer's body is a tool," he said, echoing Duncan's philosophy. "It is the instrument of a choreographer." In 1934, Balanchine settled in New York to found his School of American Ballet and to begin laying the groundwork for his now-famous New York City Ballet company. American dance history had begun.

Today, Balanchine's choreographic genius, demonstrated by his more than 170 modern ballets, is legendary. By and large, he dispenses with plots ("they bore me") and choreographs abstract ballets that synthesize modern dance movements into the classic posture of European ballet. For Balanchine, dance is pure form. Through strenuous physical conditioning, which may range from five to eight hours of exercise every day, Balanchine requires his dancers to subordinate their intellectual and emotional development to their physical art. "Marriage and a family only interfere with the hard work of a dedicated dancer," lectures the 70-year-old choreographer, who

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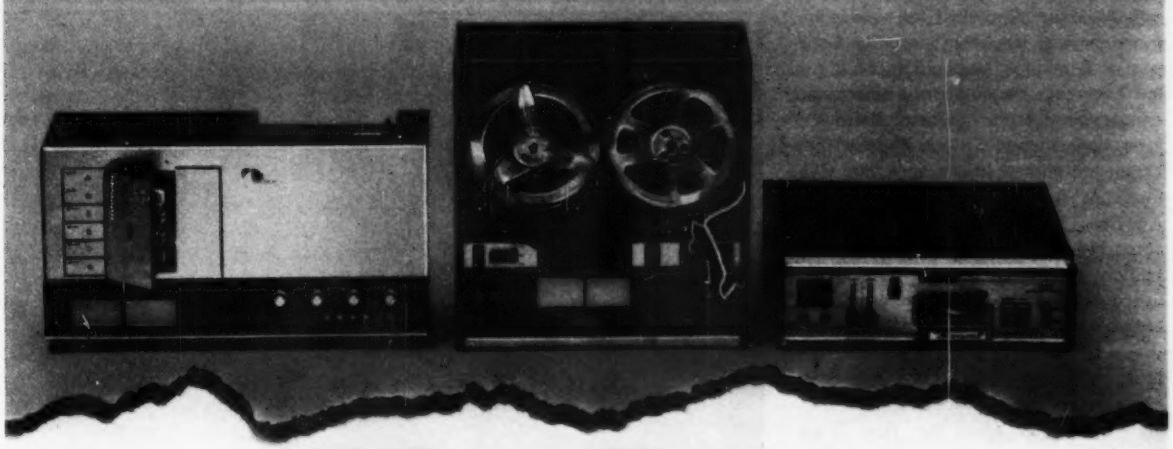

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already has broken his own rule by marrying five of his prima ballerinas. "You must sacrifice everything for the sake of the art."

Such commitment is the earmark of a New York City Ballet dancer. "In Europe ballets were often an excuse for parties," Balanchine says. "But here in New York, dancing means hard work." The nature of that work changes midway in a dancer's career because Balanchine has a predilection for young dancers. Consequently, in their thirties, many of his leading dancers have developed into teachers and artistic directors in their own right, carrying Balanchine's theories into new schools and companies. Twenty years ago, Barbara Weisberger started this movement by forming the Pennsylvania Ballet. Eliot Feld followed in her footsteps with his American Ballet Company and later his Eliot Feld Ballet. In the last five years, the number of Balanchine dancers pioneering American dance has grown considerably. Maria Tallchief has begun a company in Chicago. John Clifford has launched a company in Los Angeles. Patricia Neary has traveled abroad to the Geneva Ballet. And Conrad Ludlow and Janet Villella have established schools in Oklahoma and New Mexico, respectively.

By such means, Balanchine has provided the groundwork for American ballet. His influence reached its peak during the 1960s when the New York City Ballet was—finally—the rage. The lithe, long-legged and emotionally cold ballerinas set the fashionable style for the new "thin look." "Where do you think the flower children got the idea for their natural look?" George Balanchine said at the time. "The ponytail, leotards and health foods originated with American ballet." His husky male dancer, Edward Villella, performed with such brute force that *Sports Illustrated* profiled him as a major athlete of the day. Inspired by Balanchine's success, the Ford Foundation and the National Endowment for the Arts began giving substantial financial support to American dance in 1966.

Also by the late 1960s, pop culture had achieved unprecedented attention. San Francisco's Haight-Ashbury was the Jerusalem of the hippie cult, giving rise to Happenings in Central Park and Love-ins in Golden Gate. *Hair* and *Oh! Calcutta!* were shocking audiences with nudity on Broadway. *Blow-Up* was portraying free love on film and rock groups were infusing music with raw sexuality.

The City Center Joffrey Ballet was then gaining a reputation as a young, spirited and experimental company. The dark-eyed, dark-haired, effervescent Joffrey had studied briefly at Balanchine's School of American Ballet during the 1940s before releasing his own creative energies in the field. By the 1960s he had developed his Greenwich Village school into one of the finest young classical ballet academies in the country. And, in a secluded Village rehearsal studio, Joffrey began working at night on a major new work. He was plotting a revolution that would definitively link modern ballet with pop culture. "Of course I knew I was doing something irreverent," he says with a sly laugh. "Why do you think I worked in secret at night?"

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HERBERT MIGDOLL

Christian Holder and Nancy Robinson in *Astarte* (top), the first rock ballet in dance history, choreographed by Robert Joffrey (bottom).

The sedate audience at the premiere of *Astarte* in 1967 anticipated the usual, refined classical ballet, but after the house lights dimmed, the stage lights suddenly did an about face. Shining straight into the audience, they set an eerie atmosphere for the deafening overture of a long-haired, acid rock band. A man in suit and tie rose casually from the audience, proceeding onto the stage with a dazed, drugged look. When he reached center stage, he began to strip. His female counterpart emerged from the wings like a diaphanous flame in psychedelic leotard and tights. The two engaged dispassionately in a *pas de deux* composed of the contractions and thrusts of the sexual act. Behind them a cyclorama intensified their rhythm through rapid-fire long shots and close-ups of the two on film. Eventually, the climax was reached. The couple separated, leaving the stage in opposite directions.

The audience had just witnessed the first rock ballet in dance history. As the music died, there was a momentary pause of indecision. "I didn't know if I were to be proclaimed a hero or damned a heretic," Joffrey smiled. As it turned out, the answer was both. To the younger audiences, Joffrey was an instant cult hero: the choreographer who had devised the most relevant (de rigeur for the

1960s) and exciting dance form. But to the rarefied ballet society, he was a heretic who had sold out the integrity of dance art for commercial success.

A sober New York *Times* described *Astarte* on the morning after its premiere as the first X-rated ballet. It warned parents to use extreme caution in bringing their children to the ballet, which naturally moved the public to rush to the theater and form lines that stretched from the ticket office to the street. Robert Joffrey's homage to 1960s free love was the sensation of the season. Along with *Hair* and *Oh! Calcutta!*, it symbolized the progressive attitudes of the theatrical arts. Although Balanchine had long held the position as the American-based adversary of classical ballet, his greatest revolutions in the form had become history. Joffrey, the 44-year-old maverick from Seattle, Washington took the first step in the modern insurgence, following in the footsteps of Jerome Robbins, who had already infused classical ballet with the spunk of musical comedy. But whereas Robbins only fleetingly cultivated his lively style through a company of his own dancers, Joffrey developed American ballet into a controversial repertoire art.

College students were among the first to recognize the significance of his movement. They attended the company's performances as part of their ritual, distributing trendy buttons that proclaimed: "Ballet is body power." Their blue jeans, love beads, long hair and spontaneous responses gradually undermined the traditional snob appeal of the art.

Pop dance swept the campuses in the late 1960s and 1970s, matching the popularity of rock concerts. The City Center Joffrey Ballet established an annual residence at the University of California at Berkeley when the student riots were at their height. It was in that university's radical climate that Joffrey's resident choreographer, Gerald Arpino, caught the fever to create another rock ballet entitled *Trinity*, which introduced offbeat social dance movements to the balletic stage. In the following years, the Joffrey Ballet continued to startle audiences with the first homosexual ballet,

The lithe, long-legged and emotionally cold ballerinas set the fashion for the "thin look"

The Relativity of Icarus (choreographed by Arpino), a modern dance version of *American Grafitti* set to the music of the Beach Boys entitled *Deuce Coupe* (choreographed by Twyla Tharp) and a ballet in silence—a restaging of Jerome Robbins' *Moves*. "My company is a reflection of our times," Joffrey explains. "I strive for an interesting, controversial and relevant repetoire which I call American ballet."

Along with Joffrey's acknowledgment of the sexual revolution, the civil rights struggles of the '60s also began influencing the rising consciousness of dance. In the past, black bodies had been automatically excluded from dance culture. During the 1950s, a few black choreographers such as Pearl Primus, Katherine Dunham and Donald McKayle formed an underground of predominantly black companies, but the audiences were small and the dancers starved. The black movement demanded equal rights in every facet of American life—including the arts. And on this new wave of social awareness, the Alvin Ailey City Center Dance Theater rose to the height of the pop dance scene. Originally, Ailey had formed an all-black modern dance troupe in 1958. "But we were running into reverse racism," he admits. "On our Asian tour in '62, people kept saying about my pieces,'Oh, they're wonderful, but black people can only do jazz.' I don't think black dancers should be limited that way."

The realization that all-black dance companies perpetuate a "separate but equal" racism caused Ailey to re-evaluate his goals. "I'm still very angry about the lack of opportunities for black dancers in this country," he stressed recently during a break in his strenuous rehearsal schedule. "But I don't see how my discriminating against white and Oriental dancers will correct the deep-seated prejudice in this society." Quite deliberately, Ailey began integrating his company and it was soon tagged the first United Nations of dance. "I have 26 dancers in my company," Ailey said, "and I haven't the faintest idea how many are black, white or Oriental. I am conscious of their movement—not their skin color."

By the seventies, the multiracial Ailey troupe was touring the southern

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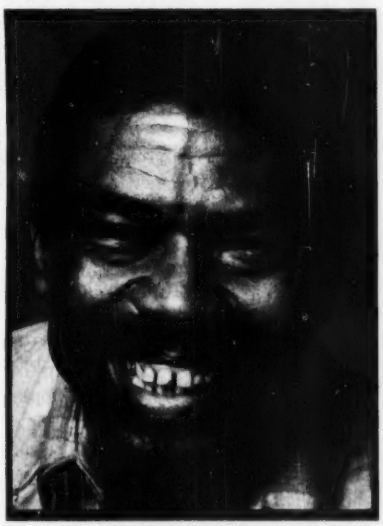

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALAN BERGMAN

Alvin Ailey (left): "I hate that phrase 'modern dance,' " and his company in *The Road of the Phoebe Snow*.

United States with romantic *pas de deux* featuring black women and white men—or the reverse. But instead of triggering bigots to outrage, it seemed to have a liberating effect upon the audiences. There was no denying the beauty in the performances of the couples whose embraces expressed the goals of equality far better than any words.

Ailey's political statement was trumpeted in an extraordinary new physical language. Although critics had carelessly thrown his style into the overcrowded category of modern dance, Ailey furiously fought against such a catchall term. "I hate that phrase modern dance," he shouted. "I have no idea what it means. We are—finally—coming to the point in America when the distinctions between the different forms are fading. The new synthesis should simply be called the 'American dance.' "

The movement toward this end began with Balanchine. He introduced contractions and flex-footed positions from the modern dance into his ballets. Joffrey carried it a step farther by incorporating the bounce of his musical comedy jazz into his classical ballet style and by including in his repertoire modern dances that expressed both psychological and mythic themes. But the idea of requiring dancers to study ballet, modern dance and jazz separately was too absurd to be taken seriously—by anyone except a choreographer of Ailey's vision. In a converted church in Manhattan, he founded the first major dance academy in this country to require classes and eventual expertise in the three basic dance forms as well as in ethnic styles. "In America the days have passed when a girl can study to be a ballet dancer," Ailey asserts. "She must be a ballet dancer, a modern dancer and a jazz dancer before she can compete upon the future stage of dance."

In the beginning, this amalgam produced an uneven movement because certain dancers favored individual forms. But in his present company of dancers, Ailey has realized his goal. In a work such as Ailey's *Night Creature*—music by Duke Ellington—the choreography combines the elegant arms of the ballet with the boogie-woogie style of hip-thrusting jazz. In John Butler's *After Eden*, the dancers express the powerful sensuality of this modern dance with an extraordinary control over muscles in the shoulder blades and the ribs. Rarely have any dancers exhibited such consciousness of their entire bodies, for the diversity of Ailey's system of training has expanded the range of muscular control.

But the medium is only a means of expressing the message. The repertoire of the Ailey company is a history of American choreography, combining the dances of black and white choreographers. Just as Balanchine favors works of extraordinary musicality and Joffrey selects ballets with theatrical impetus, Ailey looks for movements that express a deep sense of humanity. At its best, his repertoire is a poetry of the human spirit conveyed through movement.

The seeds of this individual style are planted in the company's signature piece, entitled *Revelations*, which Ailey choreographed in 1960. Set in the Deep South, the movement interprets nine spirituals sung by soloists in a choir offstage. They are threaded together like a visual metaphor using southern props to make an epic statement about the human spirit. Costumed simply in earth colors, nine dancers quietly move in unison with arms upstretched and palms open. They separate into individual movements, and gradually reunite for shared strength, during which the outstretched arms appear like stalks, the hands like flowers, sunlit by the amber stage light. The movement closes in a tender *pas de deux*. It is less the traditional romance than the difficult maturation of emotional commitment. The attractions between the man and woman are at first tenuous, then testing and ultimately secure. Yet the growth is subtle, evidenced by the strength of their touches and the gentleness of their movement toward one another.

"The distinctions between the different forms are fading and the new synthesis should simply be called the 'American dance' "

From this first section, the atmosphere of the work becomes much more southern, with a brutal satire of its hypocritical gentility emerging quietly beneath the animation of the scenes. The satire reaches its height in the final scene where Ailey spoofs the character of the southern ladies with an ingenious overuse of hand fans. This rousing and yet complex movement is dramatically offset by fleeting solos of individual emotion.

The power of *Revelations* always mesmerizes the audience at first. Then, midway through the work, the spectators seem to lose their detachment from its scenes and, suddenly, the audience joins in the atmosphere by clapping hands to the rousing spirituals, and even singing along. By the conclusion of the dance, it is not unusual to see people standing in the aisle and moving along with the dancers.

"I was interested in putting something on stage that would have a very wide appeal without being condescending," Ailey once tried to explain, "that would reach an audience and make it part of the dance; that would get everybody into the theater." In an artistic feat, Ailey has succeeded in drawing a young, casual and working-class audience who normally have not patronized dance. As a group, his followers are uninhibited, wholly responsive to the emotional environment on stage and unafraid to express both approval and disapproval—regardless of what is expected. "I think the people come to the theater to look at themselves," Ailey philosophizes. Judging by his multiracial audiences throughout the country, who instinctively hail Ailey's American dance as a phenomenon of pop culture, he has been proven right. "I try to hold up the mirror."

Reflected in that mirror is the recent image of Rudolf Nureyev, the towering strength of classical ballet tradition. Fourteen years ago, Nureyev turned down an opportunity to dance with Balanchine's New York City Ballet because he felt its modern style was much inferior to the Russian classical ballets. But just last fall, Nureyev joined the Paul Taylor Company, a prestigious modern dance troupe, as an honorary guest artist. By the winter, he had built up a strong enough repertoire to stage *Nureyev and Friends*—virtually a one-man show of American choreography performed in a Broadway theater. And, in a historic collaboration, he is now taking modern dance lessons from Martha Graham for a June performance of a new work, *Lucifer*, which Graham is choreographing specifically for Nureyev and Margot Fonteyn. Unfortunately, Nureyev's prowess in classical ballet does not extend to modern dance . . . yet.

After all, the evolution of pop dance—the "American dance" form that has elevated a hamburger-and-hotdog culture into the international center of dance—has taken the better part of a century. As Alvin Ailey likes to say about this evolutionary process: "The engagement has lasted fifty years, but finally the marriage has taken place." ●

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MOVIES

How the West was lost

By Frank Rich

If you don't examine it too closely, John Schlesinger's new film, **The Day of the Locust**, might just pass for a replica of Nathanael West's penultimate Hollywood novel of the same name. The physical details are all in place—from the "dead" horse at the bottom of a Beverly Hills swimming pool to the chichi sporting house where the Hollywood elite gathered in the 1930s to watch 8mm. porn loops—and so are most of West's lines, his characters and the bones of his story. Most important of all, perhaps, Schlesinger has provided (in the form of mangy, rouge-tinged extras) an army of West's metaphorical "locusts"—those pathetic, ill-dressed mid-Americans who fled to L.A. during the Great Depression hoping to find romance, but who were instead to be destroyed by the frustration and tedium that always lie in the wake of America's failed frontier dreams. Indeed the director and his screenwriter, Waldo Salt, are so full of respect for each chapter and verse of West's final work of fiction (published in 1939) that, as one watches their painstakingly careful, deadly serious film, one just doesn't want to believe that anything could be wrong. But something is wrong—terribly, terribly wrong— and in these filmmakers' hands the best American novel ever to be written about the movies has stubbornly, against all odds, refused to be transformed into a movie itself.

Watching *The Day of the Locust* is like strolling through the backlot of an extravagant Hollywood studio: even as your eyes are dazzled by the exotic, lifelike streets that bake under the pale Hollywood sun, it's impossible to forget that the facades are fake and that, behind them, nobody is home. There's a peculiar irony in this, for West's novel, if taken at absolutely face value, is in part about that central failure of Hollywood; West saw the emptiness behind the proverbial tinsel—he saw that even the movie industry, our most splendid national dream factory, could not satisfy America's deepest hungers for glamor and excitement. Perhaps there's even some warped case to be made that the failure of Schlesinger's film to come alive is a vindication of the novel's point of view; but, if that's so, why did the director take the trouble to make this long (2½ hours) and expensive film in the first place? The argument just won't hold up, and I think we must assume that Schlesinger went about his work sincerely—that he saw that the substance of West's apocalyptic vision could be captured on screen without bringing the writer's Hollywood metaphor down to a literal level, without making a movie that is hollow by intent. The failures of *The Day of the Locust* are, I think, exactly what they appear to be—failures of imagination and, at times, failures of common sense.

It's too bad, because, in principle, Schlesinger's own particular tal-

Sutherland and Black in front of the San Berdoo in Schlesinger's *Locust*: the center does not hold.

ents should have dovetailed nicely with this project. The perspective of the novel comes from the author's stand-in, Tod Hackett, an eastern, Ivy League-educated artist who goes to Hollywood to test the creative waters as a set designer (West went west to write screenplays); being British, Schlesinger shares that outsider's point of view on the movie capital, and, like the novelist, this director also has a special compassion for the grotesque drifters and failures who hover around the mainstream of American life. To some extent, Schlesinger's characteristic fluency with the bizarre does surface here. The most peculiar freaks in residence at the San Berdoo, the stucco bungalow court where Tod takes a room, have more energy than anyone else in the picture, especially Burgess Meredith's Harry Greener, a crazy and cackling failed vaudevillian who sells "Miracle Solvent" to upper-crust Bel Air matrons, and Billy Barty's Abe Kusich, a pugnacious dwarf who is Tod's occasional drinking partner. Over the long run, though, the director's previously demonstrated talents—including his feel for the kind of offbeat human relationships that were at the heart of his *Darling*, *Midnight Cowboy* and *Sunday, Bloody Sunday*—are of no more than academic relevance to *Locust*. This property, unlike those tightly focused (and largely successful) personal dramas Schlesinger has worked with in the past, demands that he create some magic—magic that might translate the essentially literary ideas of West's work into a coherent cinematic strategy by which he could put across the book's substance. Schlesinger, when put to this test, seems incapable of providing that magic, and so we watch him break his back over the material, finally trying to make isolated pockets of the picture work as self-contained, if stylistically divergent, units. It adds up to a pretentious hodgepodge of aesthetic mannerisms that, more than anything else, delineate the creative limits of a filmmaker who seems to have stumbled out of his league. While the movie is full of atmosphere (all captured in the harsh neon glow of Conrad Hall's evocative camerawork)—a *Loved One*-like funeral, lots of L.A.'s monstrous architecture, the mystical "Hollywoodland" sign—there is no aesthetic synthesis; it's just lavish Hollywood gothic of a type that might be equally appropriate to a Robert Aldrich chiller like *Whatever Happened to Baby Jane?* There are some visual "ideas" floating around in the film—the framing of the movie with shots of a paper rose stuck in an earthquake-cracked plaster wall, recurring glimpses of water sprinklers—that are, at any level worth talking about, meaningless.

The movie falls apart even at its most mundane level—its story. West

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARY ELLEN MARK

did not write a plot-laden book, but he did provide a bizarre love triangle that is essential to his work's greater interests. In Faye Greener, the 17-year-old aspiring starlet wooed by both Tod and Homer Simpson, a doltish, prematurely retired hotel bookkeeper from the Midwest, the novelist found a protagonist who embodied his conception of Hollywood. By miscasting the part with Karen Black, Schlesinger has knocked the guts out of the character, and without that character, we lose not only the symbolic weight West attached to Faye but the narrative's principal means of propulsion. Besides being too old for the role (a technical matter, perhaps), Black lacks that appalling combination of innocence and cruel sexual magnetism that West found in his heroine—what he described as Faye's "invitation to struggle, hard and sharp, closer to murder than to love." While Homer (Donald Sutherland) is such a wilted vegetable of a man that we can imagine how any woman, even Black's Faye, would fulfill the romantic fantasies he has come to Hollywood to realize, it's impossible for us to see what the dispassionate Yale aesthete, Tod (William Atherton), sees in her. For the book and the movie to work we simply must believe that Tod, though cynically disposed toward Faye's spiritually impoverished and never-to-be-achieved ambitions to stardom, is so obsessed with the idea of possessing her that he takes himself to the brink of self-destruction; to possess Faye is, for him, to possess, at least for a moment, the extraordinary contradictions of Hollywood itself, and the story rises or falls on the credibility of his lust. When Black comes on screen we feel none of that hard-edged sexual presence that so turns Tod on—we see only a serious actress working too hard to try and create a character she cannot deliver instinctively. Though Faye is a virgin for part of the story, Black gives us a woman who looks like she has been around; her affectations are not (as West described them) "so artificial [as to be] charming"—too much Actors' Studio-like calculation has gone into Black's effort to appear calculating. What Schlesinger needs in the role is a young Tuesday Weld; what he has is a young Shelley Winters.

A "locust" after the riot: idiot treatment.

If you haven't read the book, you may not be able to tell what the hell is going on between Tod and Faye in the movie, and the mess is compounded further by the less blatant, but ultimately just as damaging, mishandling of Tod. Although Atherton (who played Goldie Hawn's husband in *The Sugarland Express*) doesn't help himself much by giving a misconceived performance that is needlessly chilly and ambiguous, he, unlike Black, is a victim as well of some unfortunate writing that knifes him in the back. In the only two major departures from West's book, Schlesinger and Salt have added both a scene in which Tod actually tries to rape Faye (a scene that brings the sado-masochistic undertones of their relationship to the surface at the price of damaging the very tension that gives that relationship its drama) and a subplot in which, in order to get ahead, Tod joins some studio executives in a Watergate-style cover-up to defraud an insurance company. The question of whether or not Tod, who entertains hopes of being a serious artist and not a studio hack, sells out to Hollywood is one that is deliberately left open in the book, and with good reason, too; for, by turning the hero into an ass-kisser, the filmmakers immediately destroy what feeling we have for him. As a result, for the last third of the film Schlesinger insists, without success, that we give a damn about a leading female character we don't believe and a leading man whom we regard as a schmuck—an impossible situation. Sutherland's pale, pear-shaped Homer—with vacant, frightened eyes and repressed inner fevers that surface only in the movements of his large, unruly hands—is another in a string of full-bodied performances by this fabulously talented actor, but he can't carry the entire weight of *Locust*'s emotional drama on the soft shoulders of the reclusive ex-bookkeeper. It says a lot about how good Sutherland is that there are a few occasions when he does come miraculously close to doing it all himself, and probably the best scene in the whole film is one that he has alone: sitting still in a broken deck chair in a weed-infested yard, he makes Homer's fear of life so palpable that, when an orange falls from a tree beside him, we sense that even the plainest happenings of nature are beyond the character's ability to cope. By the time we reach the day of the locust itself—the portentous premiere-night riot outside of Grauman's Chinese Theater, which ends the novel in a fateful cataclysm of violence—all we're really waiting for is that moment when we can watch Sutherland's Homer dissolve into a blob of undirected viciousness and hate. And that proves to be all that we get: although we watch hundreds of other "locusts" who, like Homer, finally go for blood in a last-ditch effort to seize that excitement Hollywood has denied them, only his descent from catatonia into frenzy is specific enough to appear real.

Perhaps the most shocking failure of *The Day of the Locust* is Schlesinger's inability to come up with a plan for making the riot scene reverberate as forcefully as it does in the novel; you'd think it would have been the director's first order of business once he decided to take on the project. Although there are shots throughout the film of a doomsday mural Tod is painting at home—a painting that Tod calls "The Burning of Los Angeles" in the book and which West uses as a device to foreshadow his holocaustal cli-

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARY ELLEN MARK

max—neither Tod nor anyone else ever talks about the painting in the film and its Nolde-like expressionism could be taken by a viewer unfamiliar with the novel as the playful doodlings of an artist who wishes to record all the quaint types he's seen around town. Salt and Schlesinger also make various stabs at previewing the apocalypse in historical terms—periodically we see newsreels and hear radio broadcasts of Hitler and Neville Chamberlain; but, like Tod's "sell out" (which reduces Hollywood's power to seduce artists to a simple quid-pro-quo equation) and an overextended production number in which the preachings of an Aimee Semple McPherson-like faith healer (Geraldine Page) are intercut with shots of money and cash registers, these historical intonations graft a '30s-leftist ideology onto a book that scrupulously avoided such down-to-earth analyses of our national terror. (This film's politics are akin to those of *Chinatown*, likewise a European director's view of '30s L.A.) When the riot finally arrives, the director tries to make his various schemes pay off by providing a Hollywood-premiere barker who looks vaguely like Hitler and by giving some of the rioters masks that look exactly like the faces in Tod's painting. This sudden rush into hokey surrealism is a startling break in the style of the film (as much as it can be said to have a style)—an attempt to accomplish with a cheap trick what could not be won through organic cinematic means. It's the type of stuff Ken Russell might stoop to, and, lest the point of the masks be lost on us, Schlesinger even cuts from them to the mural so we can make the connection. He gives us the idiot treatment—but it's not we who are the idiots.

The use of the masks betrays a fundamental misreading of the book's conclusion that is abundantly apparent throughout the riot scene. The horror of the sequence must grow from our realization that the rioters are finally breaking through the mask of Hollywoodland and striking out into real life for that adventure that has so long eluded them. So what does Schlesinger do? He shoots the scene in the most obvious of sound-stage sets, in patently artificial lighting (giving Hollywood Boulevard the same antiseptic look of some of the equally unconvincing Times Square interiors of *Midnight Cowboy*); then, as if the masks and the stagy set aren't enough, he turns the riot into a combination earthquake and fire—effectively sealing what should be the film's most naturalistic scene into the cloudy, distanced realms of fantasy. Instead of possessing the churning quality of, say, the Cuban revolution sequence in *Godfather II*, the riot looks like a Hollywood extravaganza—like *Earthquake*—and it's far less effectively scary than some other scenes in the movie (a cockfight, the collapse of a sound-stage set Tod has helped design for a movie about Waterloo) that precede it. Schlesinger's stylization of the climax is a go-for-broke attempt to remind us that we are watching "art" at the precise moment when we should be forgetting that we're watching a movie. (Even when the rioters tear a man apart limb by limb, it is remote and unaffecting here.) The sequence is the ultimate confirmation that the aura of artifice that surrounds the entire project is not there to uphold West's point of view, but is there because Schlesinger is as much a sucker for Hollywood razzmatazz as the despised locusts themselves. The spirit of West's vision is not dead in our movies—it lives in such recent films as Robert Altman's *The Long Goodbye* and the Beatty-Towne-Ashby *Shampoo*—but it is dead in this picture that carries the name of West's novel. For all the movie's pretensions, the only apocalypse it reveals is the one it represents for the people who have stripped their talents bare in making it.

When a Swiss film begins, as Claude Goretta's **The Invitation** does, with an image of stuffy bureaucrats typing impersonally away in their sterile, assembly-line office, there is every reason to expect the worst—the worst in this case being any Swiss film that aspires to tell us, once more, how stuffy, impersonal and sterile life in bourgeois Switzerland can be. As it so joyously happens, the worst does not ever come to pass in *The Invitation*; Goretta has made a movie that is more at home in the open air than in fluorescent light and is more fascinated by life's possibilities than its limits. This picture is not only at odds with much of new-wave Swiss cinema, but it is also, by any standard, as sublimely human a comedy as any to be seen this year.

Most of *The Invitation* takes place at a country villa which Remy (Michel Robin), a balding and meek-mannered office drone, has purchased with the proceeds of an unexpected financial windfall. Remy is a bachelor whose idea of hedonism is to indulge his interest in botany, and when he invites his fellow workers to his new home for a housewarming party, they are stunned by both the enormity of his fortune and the taste with which he has put it to use. The villa is a paradise of sunny, sumptuously furnished rooms, surrounded by verdant glades and rolling lawns; for the guests, the place becomes a potent invitation to unwind, and unwind they do, with an abandon they may never previously have thought possible. Soon a madcap party is under way, the sun and booze combining to break down the social conventions that, during the week, imprison these souls in isolation and anonymity: they run under the sprinklers, fall into bushes, dance to the music of a transistor radio, play charades, exchange confidences and eventually kiss each other in the fading afternoon's

Bideau and Cecile Vassort in Goretta's *Invitation*: sweet yearnings.

light. "Today I see you through different eyes," says the office manager to his secretary, and in such small gestures Goretta finds the sweetest clandestine yearnings of his society.

The movie is very funny in the most casual of ways, and the comedy is the best kind, for it blossoms out of identifiable human behavior. The director doesn't have to force his laughs, and his camera wanders around as freely as the party guests themselves do, taking a giddy delight in the enchantment of people who are startled, and at least temporarily transformed, by their newfound ability to have a good time. Goretta has also availed himself of what appears to be the best of all possible casts—a tight ensemble that is headed by Jean Luc Bideau as the angular and wild-eyed office cut-up, Rosine Rochette as Bideau's wholesomely sexy and ever so slightly neurotic lover, and

Francois Simon (actor Michel's son) as a butler with a constant, curious smirk on his face, some exotic recipes for alcoholic potions and a cosmopolitan worldview that causes the revelers to regard him as they might an interloper from another planet. Although Goretta has often worked with fellow Swiss filmmaker Alain Tanner (*The Middle of the World*), his style has more in common with the Jean Renoir of *Le Déjeuner sur l'Herbe* and *Le Roi d'Yvetôt*; he shares that great filmmaker's willingness to let his people run wilder and wilder, until they achieve an ecstatic harmony with the vibrant nature that surrounds them.

It wasn't until Mel Brooks settled down to do his safest, least inspired work that American movie audiences finally took him into their hearts, and something tells me that the same process is about to repeat itself with Monty Python, the British postgraduate comic ensemble that has been threatening for months now to burst beyond its status as a cult phenomenon. **Monty Python and the Holy Grail**, the group's second feature film, is, I suspect, probably silly, broad and (saddest of all) coherent enough to assure these talented men the mass following they clearly deserve, but the attributes which make this movie so eminently salable—its harmlessness and obviousness—have precious little to do with the first-rate humor Monty Python has produced on other occasions.

Unlike the group's TV shows (excerpts from which comprised their first movie, *And Now for Something Completely Different*), *Holy Grail* eschews a crazy-quilt approach to comedy in favor of a prolonged frontal attack on a single ridiculous story—that of King Arthur and his knights' search for the Holy Grail. This is as good and accessible a legend as any worth spoofing, but Monty Python has not bothered to assemble enough fresh material to keep from running the damn thing into the ground. For my money, *Holy Grail* has about enough laughs to support a solid, 20-minute sketch; the picture's remaining 70 minutes are given over to recycling the better jokes to the point where we can no longer remember why we found them amusing the first time around. When the movie is operating at its level best—giving us madrigal singers obsessed with gore, a doltish and dazed King Arthur or an effeminate nobleman determined to burst into Nelson Eddy-esque song no matter how slight the provocation—we hear loving echoes of such Monty Python forebears as Spike Milligan, Richard Lester and the *Beyond the Fringe* gang. But there are other echoes that are less pleasurable: *Holy Grail*'s credits sequence leans heavily on a reversal of a major gag from *The Dove*, that exquisite short satire of Ingmar Bergman of several years ago, and its finale rehashes a movies-meet-reality bit that also served as a lame conclusion to Brooks' *Blazing Saddles*.

The film's animated sequences are terrific, and, for the most part, *Holy Grail* is more entertaining to watch than to hear. Terry Gilliam and Terry Jones, the members of the Python troupe who directed the movie, have a devastating grasp of the appallingly dumb narrative conventions that informed the "B" storybook films of the '40s and '50s: their picture's most successful running gag involves a mysterious claw that periodically turns the pages of the self-styled, calligraphically elaborate "Book of the Film." The co-directors have also provided a misty "medieval" gloom that could be cut with a knife; if they had bothered to add a healthy helping of fake snow, *Monty Python and the Holy Grail* might at least have come within striking distance of *Camelot*, that ludicrous 1967 musical which, were there any justice in this world, should have been the ersatz King Arthur movie to end them all.

Frank Perry, a director who has often attempted to distract our attention from the rampant incompetency of his films by pumping them full of an annoying brand of self-righteous liberalism, has made a new movie that, while no more accomplished a piece of filmmaking than his others, is blissfully free of cant. The picture is called **Rancho Deluxe**, and, thanks to a sloppy but genuinely witty screenplay by novelist Thomas McGuane, it is even blessed with some rowdy and hilarious jokes—something of a first for the Perry *oeuvre*. McGuane's story is about a couple of romantic, present-day cattle rustlers (Jeff Bridges and Sam Waterston) at loose in the Big Sky area of Montana, but, through a peculiar quirk in the writing, we never care about or understand the central characters; they mainly serve to provide breathing spells between the appearances of the various eccentrics who provide the rest of the action. McGuane has a richly screwy sense of humor, and he has conjured up such latter-day Westerners as a sophisticated, sex-starved rancher's wife (Elizabeth Ashley) who pleads unsuccess-

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fully with her hired hands for "some desire under the elms . . . some smouldering glances at the OK Corral," an ancient stock detective (Slim Pickens) who walks with a cane and is obsessed by dreams of ancient Egypt and the detective's pretty, piety-spouting niece (Charlene Dallas), whose inspirational homilies are occasionally invaded by such disconcerting vulgarisms as "jerk off" and whose breath sometimes carries a trace of Jim Beam. Maybe another director could have mounted McGuane's script with a farcical exuberance that would have papered over the narrative holes (notably the surprise appearance of a steer in a motel room) as well as the mawkish, unassimilated sequences that fill in more information about the two heroes' family backgrounds than anyone in his right mind might care to know. Perry is so sober and prosaic that he often seems to be taking pains to call attention to the project's inadequacies, but, since he hasn't found a way to spoil the laughs or the performances of the idiosyncratic character actors who make up the cast, *Rancho Deluxe* shapes up as an ideal second-half to most any double bill.

BOOKS

Mistah Kurtz—he dead

By Geoffrey Wolff

Gangrene *by Jef Geeraerts, translated from the Dutch by Jon Swan.* Viking (194 pp., $7.95).

Native Intelligence *by Raymond Sokolov.* Harper & Row (288 pp., $7.95).

Mister Kurtz, dying way upriver in Conrad's *Heart of Darkness,* cries out "The horror! The horror!" The horror is not alone the spoil of white culture and self-governance in an African jungle, nor alone the malign influence of white colonials on black innocents, nor alone the perversion of white colonials by barbarians, nor least of all his own death. It is an illumination of the ruined brotherhood of men, an exclamation mocking such theories of natural nobility as have been peddled by writers as diverse as Rousseau, James Fenimore Cooper and Faulkner. Not to imply that Conrad in any way swims against the literary current in his black parable. The savage at home in his natural state is more commonly regarded as in tune with a rotting jungle than with a sun-speckled forest glade, and Graham Greene's musky savages are more in the literary mainstream than Longfellow's Hiawatha.

Jef Geeraerts' *Gangrene,* transpiring during the final months and days of Belgian rule in the Congo, belongs on the longest shelf of jungle literature, a literature of irony and paradox, wherein the Westerner sent to civilize the Hottentots is instead corrupted (or resurrected) by them. Its confessional form denies this novel the subtle modulations enjoyed by Greene's *Burnt-Out Case* or *The Heart of the Matter,* wherein the civilized narrator, like Marlow in *Heart of Darkness,* controls by his own attitude the gradually shifting vantage of the story's audience. *Gangrene* is raw and scruffy, a bid to out-savage the savages, to subdue the Western civilization which the narrator represents as an Assistant Regional Governor and which he seems to repudiate.

I say *seems* only because the novel ends as he abandons, in fear for his life, "that beautiful land which I loved." The expression of his love is a serial sexual adventure of unfettered energy and vulgarity, an epic of screwing and boozing and misbehaving that has sold 150,000 copies in Belgium, a country which has, as the publishers are at pains to tell, a population of only ten million. (Completing the statistical analogy, its sales in Belgium are equivalent to three million in the United States, an unheard-of number.) Its popularity no doubt stems from its linguistic vitality and erotic ingenuity. It also, of course, excites nostalgia and guilt, twin commotions born of Belgian colonialism.

The narrator, come to despise the bony body and perfunctory rhythms of his paleface Belgian wife, is much of the time enraged and given over to emptying his revolver into his bedroom ceiling. "In those days," as he explains, "the business of civilizing untamed peoples enchanted me less and less—a sign of growing awareness—so that I didn't know *what* to do with my pent-up, surplus energy." He finally, in a scene that might stand as a parody for the murder scene in Camus' *L'Etranger,* murders a native for having stolen a pair of panties off the clothesline of his beloved native common-law wife.

For all its roughneck-breakneck excess, *Gangrene* is an authentic representation of the colonial situation. A man licensed to do whatever may please him does nothing but those things that make him miserable. They doom him because his acts are inhumane, or because they sate him, or because he must finally pay for all he has seemed to have been offered *gratis.* The novel has its bright successes, too, flashes like the narrator's dawning comprehension—forced upon him—of the "colossal proportions" that petty incidents—especially petty incidents—assume in tropical lands.

The narrator is also taken by the clarity of savage laws and customs, so consistent by contrast to those of us "who for centuries have been possessed or obsessed by logic, scholasticism and anxiety." The contrast, often played upon in books of this genre, is at the center of Raymond Sokolov's first novel, *Native Intelligence,* a fiction in letters, journals, newsclips, crossword puzzle and an imaginary lexicon about Alan Casper, a 1963 Harvard graduate who joins the Peace Corps that same year and finds himself among the Xixi tribe

of a primitive Latin American country called Qatab, which you may think of as French Guiana.

Alan Casper is described by the editor who assembles those documents that reveal him after his death as a young man who "knew too much about one thing and almost nothing about everything else. Really, I never liked him." Sokolov knows a lot about a lot. Like Casper, he has had a brilliant career at Harvard and, like Casper, he's a linguist. (He also wrote reviews and cultural reports for *Newsweek*, and was the restaurant critic of the New York *Times*.) I know and like him, and began his novel in friendly curiosity rather than with any expectation that I'd write about it. Because for all Sokolov's intimidating learning and exotic preoccupations, he has until now seemed to me more a rag collector than a weaver. He has always been at the ready, in print or conversation, with ten minutes on Noam Chomsky's transformational grammar, Claude Lévi-Strauss' structural kinship systems, or departmental politics at Harvard, whatever you're after, done in monologue. His jackdaw collection of facts and disputations has value, and plenty of charm, but perhaps I may be forgiven for having assumed it would find its way into his first book and make it chaos.

Instead *Native Intelligence* has been patiently designed and executed, ruthlessly pruned of all such exotica as might please Sokolov and overload his fiction. A jacket blurb from Ross Macdonald (of all sandwich men!) refers to the novel's "wild slapstick." No slapstick at all, thanks to God, but a carefully controlled spirit of wildness. The novel treats, with that sharp, clear sight that always shows off the world comically, the contrast between odd savage customs and odd civil custom that *Gangrene* touched upon. But cultural systems, the underlying structure of mythology and kinship arrangements, are treated here with thoroughness, responsibility and invention. Yet, too, with irreverence, so that no character is permitted to be subsumed by a Lévi-Strauss theory. *Native Intelligence* is a romp, with banana jokes and throwaway lines. But its levity is calculated, put in the service of a demonstration of incongruity, the absurd dissimilarity (or human particularity) that makes laughter possible, and tonic.

The primitive Xixi have their myths and rituals, and so do Casper's people. He prefigures at Harvard the Xixi's sexual initiations and celebrations

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of manhood. First lay and graduation from college, first lay and jaguar hunt: they look alike superficially, fulfill the requirements of a theory of similarities, but they are murderously unalike. In Casper's final handhold on the "older, played-out culture" downriver and across the border, Jackie Kennedy comes to him in a dream, eager to absorb him, bends to his body wearing her bloody clothes and reveals to him the body of the potent American mythology that she represents.

All of this would be merely schematic were it not also funny. Not slapstick mind you, but a comedy of reversals, self-mockeries and final revelations that bring proportion. Casper loses (in too few months to be credited) his hold on civilized languages and culture, becomes a Xixi and dies the death of soap opera, down to his last Xixi words, mourned by his Xixi (chichi?) wife and son (who is Harvard-bound and whose mother reads to him from "Hiawatha," which Casper brought to the jungle to laugh at). Apart from an occasional jerking of tears, Sokolov has pulled his book off without a botch, save for an extraordinary syntactical *hucha* (see Casper's Xixi lexicon), which I'm delighted to have caught, on page 10. Alan Casper, who knows more than anyone at Harvard about the world's grammars, is attending a lecture by a great linguist and "the usual crowd of graduate students *were* there . . . ." Otherwise, *assiq*, with *rimay sumaq*, and the author is to be *kusichayed*.

MUSIC

Sugar and spice over 3½ octaves

By Janet Maslin

Two men glanced up from their midday *wiener schnitzel*, but only momentarily. "Who's she?" ventured one, with a nod toward the mocha-brown gamine in the tattered fur coat; on the other side of this Boston *biergarten*, a sprite posed against an ancient wood-paneled wall and smiled obediently for a photographer. "Is she a movie star?" No, explained someone in Linda Lewis' tiny entourage, actually, she's a singer. The two men resumed their lunch, visibly disappointed.

If their attitude was not pleasant, neither was it atypical. Many people have greeted Linda Lewis with that same blend of curiosity and indifference, most notably—she flashes an uncharacteristic frown at the very thought of this—bureaucrats at her former record company. She had originally signed with Warner Brothers' English division while in her native London. She says she was well treated there, but her subsequent relationship with the label's American operation left a lot to be desired. "They weren't interested the way the people in England were," she recalls. "They just couldn't understand—they saw I was black and a girl and they thought, 'Oh! She should sound like this!' But I don't. I sound like me."

She sounds, more precisely, like sugar and spice and everything nice stretched over three-and-a-half octaves. Lewis' voice has a singular girlishness, even in its lower register. And her songwriting ably accommodates that quality: lines turn playfully upward, melodies are effortlessly whimsical, and the net effect is one of improbably ingenuous sweetness. Strains of gospel and British folk music do make themselves felt, but none too conventionally; even among hybrids, she really is unique. So much so that it's been a consistent source of difficulty.

After her first album, *Say No More*, was released in England in 1971, Linda made two and a half American LP's for Warners before leaving the fold. *Lark*, the earliest and best of these, was as airy and fanciful as Cat Steven's initial work, with the same pianist, same drummer, and the same minor lapses ("Man those mandalas really move my mind") into overly cosmic consciousness; also, like the early Stevens, it was delightful. But with *Fathoms Deep* she attempted more cumbersome ostentatious arrangements and the results were disappointing, at least by *Lark's* lofty standards. Then came the demi-album, something called *Heart Strings*, that was released to coincide with Lewis' tour of America as the opening act for Stevens ("Sometimes I got better reviews than Steve. He never said anything, but I think he noticed"), and to make available "Rock A Doodle Do," her British hit single.

Lewis: ingenuous sweetness.

Half of *Heart Strings* was new and unimpressive, the other half culled from the two preceding albums with no particular logic governing the choices. Warners' idea was that since no one had heard *Lark* (this, her most successful album, sold a paltry 20,000 copies in America), Linda's early work warranted reissuing. The problem was that nobody had any better sense than before of how she could be presented, or to whom. (*Lark's* original cover displayed a pretty but cryptic watercolor of birds in flight.) In any case, Linda—who says she is easy to sweet talk—recalls that Warners "kind of wormed the idea into my head. I could have put my foot down but they said . . . they . . . twisted my arm, like convinced me and cajoled me into it. They never did anything with any of those albums, they mucked up the covers and everything. I don't want to talk about those people."

Unhappy enough to break her contract without first soliciting other offers ("Well, we thought *somebody* must want me"), Linda later signed with Arista, a burgeoning new label under the supervision of former Columbia president Clive Davis. From the sound of it, Arista is just as perplexed as Warners was about how to market Linda's stubbornly uncategorizable music ("I just don't

think the American teen single-buying, pop-buying audience was ready for you before," one of their promotion men recently told her). But this time Linda is being subjected to a sort of musical face-lift, the purpose of which is to make her sound more familiar, and hence easier to sell.

She learned of this somewhat belatedly, after she had already cut enough material for a new album in England (recorded at Apple, where she would frequently run into proprietor George Harrison; she has yet to tell him that ten years ago she was a screaming teen-aged extra in *A Hard Day's Night*). It was only after she delivered the album to Clive, and Clive made a terrible face (she tries to look grave, by way of an illustration), that the changes began. First she was assigned a new producer, or rather, two of them: Tony "Champagne" Silvester and Bert "Super Charts" de Coteaux, who have recently worked with Ben E. King and Martha Reeves. Their approach, according to Linda and her miles-from-the-mark American accent, is pretty much "We wanna hit the nail on the head, baybee." Since the previous producer had been Jim Cregan, the singer's longtime roommate, hurt feelings were to be expected. But they never materialized: "We just bought a little house, and we both know that we want to pay the rent, so he didn't mind. See, what we're going to do eventually is have babies and sail around the world in a boat. That's our ambition in life—that's all, really."

The other major change was that Linda would no longer rely solely upon her own material. The album, due out early this summer, will probably include songs by Cat Stevens ("The Old Schoolyard," which he wrote for her, is a current single), John Martyn, Lennon and McCartney, and one mystery oldie so strategically perfect (or so everyone hopes) that its identity must be kept secret until release time. Linda is reasonably philosophical: "Well, maybe my own songs aren't that good" (she punctuates this with a nervous giggle). Why does she think so? "Well, because—nobody *buys* them!" She makes an exaggeratedly sad face and giggles again.

Linda's voice is so coyly catching that she may well be able to do without most of her own material and production and still accomplish the avowed aim of all those involved ("Everyone, including me, wants me to sell records"). It is certainly to be hoped so, at least by anyone who's ever had the pleasure of hearing her and then wondered why her following isn't larger (or at least more evenly distributed; though she does well in Philadelphia, Boston, Montana (!) and Japan, she is virtually unknown in California). One good omen may be the recent success of "Lovin' You" by Minnie Riperton, a less distinctive singer whose range resembles Linda's (though her phrasings do not). But Linda is not encouraged, and says that "people who think I sound like her can't hear. Besides, in England they say *she* sounds like *me*. If I ever met her"—and the china-doll face suddenly puckers like a prune, in a hopeless attempt to suggest ire—"I'd just say, 'Look here, girl, this town ain't big enough.' "

If it isn't, it ought to be—because when it comes to being "howdjusay, musically acceptable to a large public," Linda Lewis is ready and more than willing. She is even eager to guarantee that the success she so thoroughly deserves wouldn't affect her adversely, and that she would remain exactly as she is right now. "Oh, I would! I wouldn't change! In fact, I'd be able to do more things that I want to do—I wouldn't be afraid of doing things, wouldn't be thinking, 'Oh, it's musically right but not commercially right' all the time. And if I had lots and lots of money it wouldn't bother me at all. I'd *know* what to do with it. I'd *never* go spend it on tons of coke and then go, 'Oh, this is *borrrring*, being rich.' "

****Survival**, *The O'Jays* (Philadelphia International). Relatively nondescript ballads plus two cuts (the title and "Rich Get Richer") in which producer-writers Gamble and Huff launch a new genre, politico-disco. With the latter song, dance along to a startlingly inflammatory indictment of "the Mellons, the Gettys, the du Ponts, the Rockefellers . . . Howard Hughes." Very effective, musically and otherwise.

****Beautiful Loser**, *Bob Seger* (Capitol). Seger has for many years sung, written, played guitar and come from Detroit; he doesn't do any of these things with exceptional finesse, yet the total effect is outstanding. Midwestern heavy-metal hero quiets down a bit, but remains potent. Title cut is especially worthwhile.

*****Young Americans**, *David Bowie* (RCA). Bound to offend certain purists—soul aficionados (Bowie recorded some of this at Philadelphia's Sigma Sound, backed by members of MFSB), Beatle fans (he out-quavers Bryan Ferry on the song titled "Across the Universe," with John Lennon on guitar), longtime Bowie admirers et al. But there are signs of vigor, a quality noticeably absent from the albums that immediately preceeded this one, and enough genuinely lively or bizarre moments to balance out the dead weight. Title cut and "Somebody Up There Likes Me" are especially striking.

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The wreck of Old Number 9

FINAL TRIBUTE

By Larry L. King

Damn them. They've benched my last hero. Christian Adrian (Sonny) Jurgensen, 41 and double-chinned, has been turned out to pasture. The Washington Redskins, a corporate entity whose colors are burgundy and gold, are no longer willing to risk $120,000 annually on his brittle bones.

In a world where assembly-line workers are handed their pink slips with no ceremonies and minimal official regrets, Jurgensen's enforced retirement falls short of the truly tragic. Even so, his passing is worth remarking—no pun intended. Not only was he possibly the best pure passer football has known, he served the vital function of giving us somebody to cheer. Long after one knew better than to fully trust presidents or former wives or capitalism, Old Number 9 was there to count on when it came up third-and-much.

In the decade Jurgey toiled for the Redskins before Coach George Allen arrived to make them winners, he worked under sweatshop conditions. The 'Skins then were a collection of fat men, con men and other misfits who blocked or tackled only rarely; often they were supervised by coaches—Otto Graham, Mike Nixon, Bill McPeak—who seemed to have trouble organizing pregame drills and who occasionally may have forgotten to pack the game balls. They were the "Deadskins" to their fans; a 6-8 record was considered big doings.

Football fans, knowing to the last in number all about the game, put out word that Jurgey wasn't a "winner." What this brilliant analysis overlooked was that Washington featured such a pitiful defense it probably couldn't have stopped Texas Baptist Normal short of stringing barbed wire, digging trenches and issuing carbines. To see Old Number 9 scrambling around—potbelly jiggling as he dodged the mad Brobdingnagians of the opposition, trying to post more points than his defense surely would surrender—was like watching Jackie Gleason's bit where the factory pie packer can't keep up with arrivals being supplied by a runaway conveyor belt.

Anytime the old Deadskins won one—and often when they lost—you might be certain of Sunday miracles courtesy of Sonny Jurgenson. "The only fan letter I ever wrote," says Don Meredith—himself no slouch as a quarterback for the Dallas Cowboys—"was after I saw Jurgey damn near beat the Cleveland Browns by hisself. Washington lost it about 47-42, but Jurgey was

the best passer that day I've seen in a life of football."

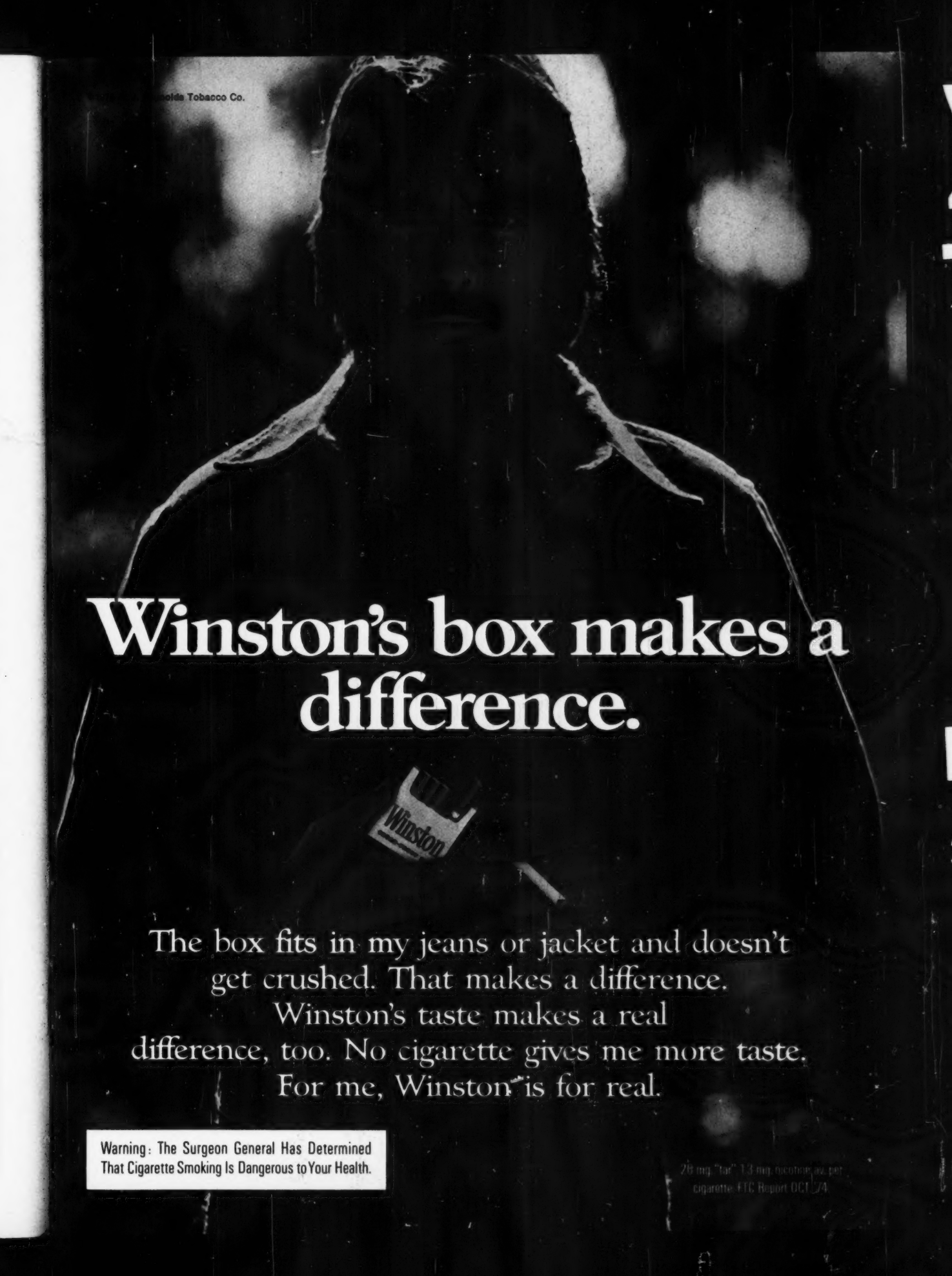
My own mind reels at old brain-movies: Jurgey throwing for four touchdowns to tie the vastly superior Los Angeles Rams; thrice upsetting Dallas when Washington's dearth of talent should have permitted the Cowboys to win laughing; nickling-and-diming the opposition to death with artful sideline passes to Charley Taylor or Jerry Smith.

Sonny's life style was one with which armchair adventurers might identify. The old Duke redhead had a high appreciation of good whiskey; in his young hellion days, anyway, he didn't fail to include the fair sex when attending his most rabid fans. Who else might manage—in Arlington, Va., at 3 A.M. and in mid-season—to explain his overturned car by revealing he had left the house merely to mail a letter? For those of us aging with him, trapped at our desks or lathes and in our bloodless marriages, he did us the considerable favor of acting out our best fantasies. He was living proof that sometimes the Good Guys won; that now and again the odds might be scoffed; that maybe the game *wasn't* over until the final gun.

A week before the Redskins would inform Jurgey there was both good news and bad ("The good news, Sonny, is that we're gonna retire your jersey; the bad news is, we're gonna retire *you*"), club prexy Edward Bennett Williams privately mused, "I hope he doesn't try to play in the World Football League. Jurgey's too injury prone; if he takes one more hard shot he might break. I'd prefer seeing him go out on top."

Well, hell, Ed—he did! Remember last year at Philadelphia? Bill Kilmer, who in recent years has been considered more equal than Jurgey in George Allen's eyes, is having one of those days a quarterback has when the fans doubt he could tie his own shoelaces. The Eagles are humbling the Skins, 20-7, when the wreck of Old Number 9 huffs and hobbles into the game. Seventeen tumultuous minutes later, he has thrown three touchdown passes—and the Redskins win, 27-20, to qualify for the NFL playoffs by about yea much. Jurgey couldn't win, huh? Listen: the best trade since the Indians unloaded Manhattan Island on the Dutch for $24, a string of beads and a peck of looking glasses was made when the Redskins got Jurgey from the Philadelphia Eagles in exchange for some farmer named Norman Snead. For years he *was* the Redskins; hell, he was close to being the *franchise!*

Farewell, Old Number 9. And thanks for the memories. ●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